W. B. Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXI.—No. 1076.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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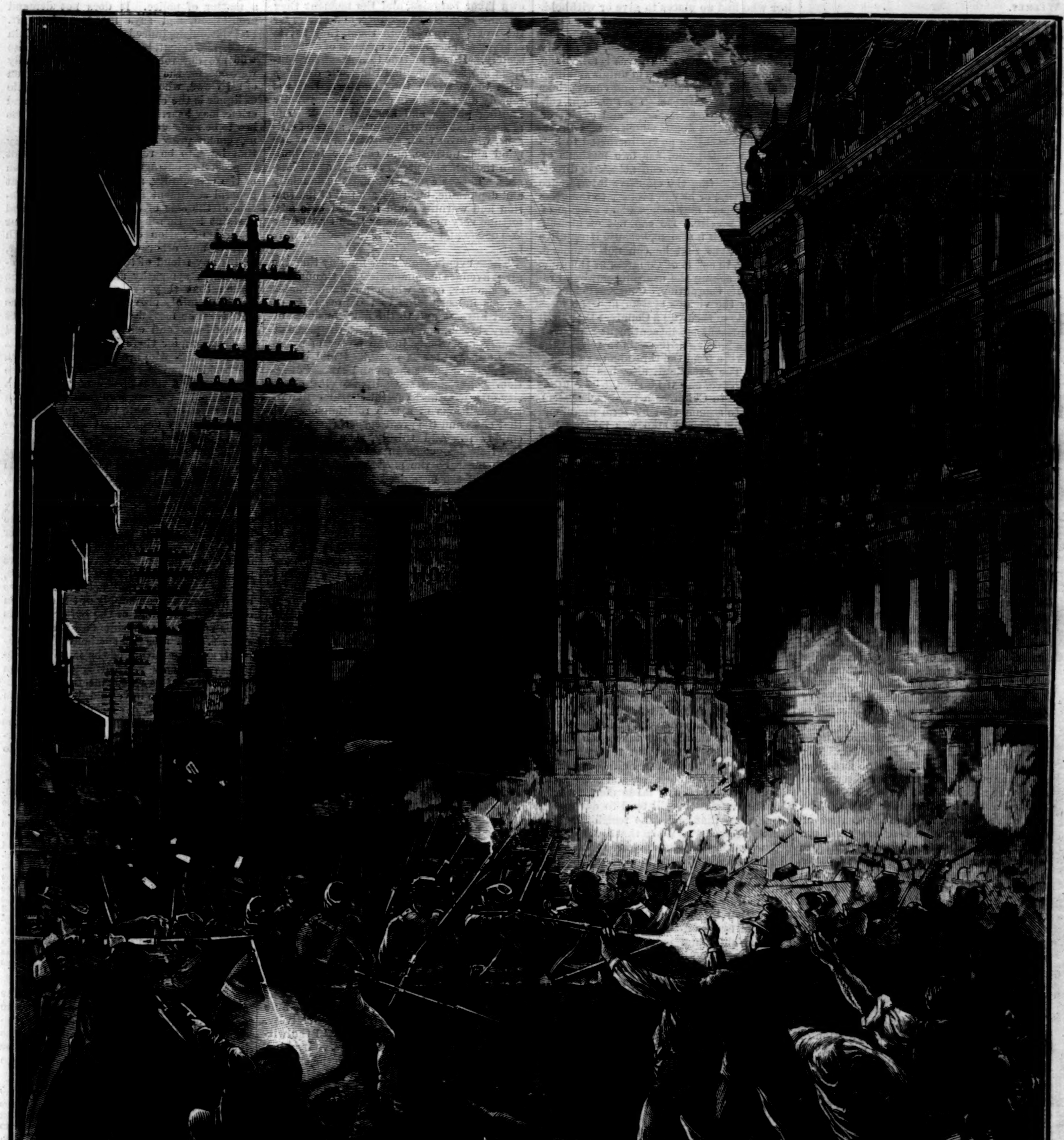

THE GREAT STRIKE—THE SIXTH MARYLAND REGIMENT FIGHTING ITS WAY THROUGH BALTIMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. BENDANN.—[SEE PAGE 626.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page engraving of Scenes on the River Danube, with views of Rustchuk and the Dobrudscha, and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

OFFICE-HOLDING DESPOTISM.

THE most common objection to the late order of the President to prevent official control of politics is that it is a despotic interference with the right and duty of every citizen. It is alleged that so long as the civil officer discharges his public duty efficiently, he may dispose of his time out of hours as he chooses; and the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* (a Republican paper) exhorts "self-respecting men to whom the order may refer" to pay no attention to it whatever, "so far as obeying it could hamper their individual political action." The Troy *Times* takes substantially the same ground, and the tyranny which these Republican papers find in this order, and which they do not find in the office-holding control of politics, is also vehemently denounced by the entire Bourbon Democratic press. But the order of the President is neither hasty nor ill-considered. It is the result of careful reflection, and it is a deliberate choice. Other persons who are as sincerely interested in the subject as he, may have been surprised by the method which he has selected, and may naturally have preferred their own. Indeed, all that many of them ask is that he should do what they desire, and in the way that they prefer. When, however, they reflect that there may be more than one or two ways of reaching the same result, they will be more patient of a difference of method.

It is evident that the chief evil of the civil service system, in the President's view, is the office-holding control of politics. This is the root of the trouble, and he means, without any hesitation and with a perfectly firm hand, and although the root may cling desperately, to dig it up. Now what is this evil? It is a system which gives the control of the details of politics, the direction of primaries, the management of conventions, the nominations of candidates, to a knot, clique, ring, or junta of persons in every State who hold certain national offices. They hold these places by the favor of Representatives and Senators and other politicians, and the tenure of the office is fidelity to the personal interests of their superiors. They levy contributions upon their subordinates under terror of dismissal; and appointment and removal to and from the minor offices and places are determined not by the necessities of the service, but by personal and political considerations. The local office-holders, who are the centres of this despotic organization, are thus the henchmen of Senators and Representatives, each commanding his hundreds and fifties and tens, conscious that their power and their livelihood are dependent upon obedience. The Representatives and Senators in turn, supported by this disciplined army which has made them, and which they sustain, dictate the Executive action, which the Constitution makes as independent as their own, and usurp powers denied to them by the fundamental law and by the reason from which it springs. The consequence of this enormous abuse is that in a republic whose prosperity depends upon the interest and practical participation of all citizens in the details of politics, the great body of citizens hold aloof, and the office-holding class is a privileged political priesthood, which monopolizes the management of politics, yet whose interest is selfish and personal. The danger and demoralization that necessarily ensue are obvious. Politics become more and more venal. Corrupt rings are fostered. Elections arouse the worst passions, and conspiracies to retain power at all hazards are inevitably promoted. The office-holding class, with such relations and connections, is thus practically a huge oligarchy. In the city of New York, for instance, and proportionally elsewhere, the great mass of the party of the office-holders is virtually disfranchised. It can only vote for or against the will of the oligarchy. It can take no part in the vote for a State Convention except by conforming to the terms of the oligarchy, and the Convention itself merely registers the decrees of the office-holders. We have heretofore explained how the party organization proceeds from the chief public offices in New York—a truth which is confirmed by the cry that to forbid their interference is to destroy the party.

Under the existing system, therefore, the office-holders are a privileged class, and enjoy in practice, as every man in active politics knows, superior rights to those of their fellow-citizens. Thus if the editor of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* held an office which gave him the power of appointment to minor places, those who now fill and those who hope to fill those places would work for him and his purposes with a zeal of selfishness which, in a contest for election to a convention, for instance, would give him a great advantage over a competitor who had no places to give or withhold. Such an editor's protest against the order of the President as tyrannical or outrageous would, in the case we suppose, be merely the angry assertion that it was tyranny and an outrage to deprive him of unfair and illicit advantages in caucuses and conventions over his fellow-citizens. The President, correctly estimating the scope and extent of this abominable abuse, which strikes directly at the executive power intrusted to him by the Constitution, has two methods of dealing with it. He can attack it directly by prohibiting the offensive interference with politics, or he can propose to Congress a non-partisan and independent scheme of the civil service. He can not of himself establish such a system, because it requires appropriations that he can not command. Moreover, to ask it of Congress at this time is merely asking the usurping power to relinquish its usurpation. Congress is largely made by the vicious system, and the most direct way of securing a Congress that shall fairly represent public sentiment instead of the office-holding interest is to release the popular vote from the thralldom of that interest. The President, also, has but four years to serve, and if he should be content to propose to Congress a reformed system, it is fair to assume that his term would end before any forward step was taken. But his immediate and decisive action, instead of preventing, promotes the subsequent action of Congress. Again, should he seek to eradicate the evil by establishing some detailed scheme of non-partisan appointment, which is, of course, the final condition of a true system, the necessary delays and the want of means would endanger the whole enterprise.

Meanwhile the evil is evident, the emergency is pressing, and he deals directly with the emergency. The office-holding interest must not overbear the rights of the great mass of the people. It is therefore prohibited from taking absolute command of political action, but every office-holder may, of course, speak and write and vote as he chooses. The limitation on other activities is imposed because, without it, the equal rights of the whole community are sacrificed. We do not understand that the President holds as a permanent principle that an office-holder should not take such part in politics as he prefers; but that, under existing circumstances, he should be restricted. That restriction, however, and wise action in Congress, which is made more probable by the restriction, will tend to destroy the conditions that make the restriction absolutely necessary. When that is accomplished, when the office-holding interest ceases to have an illicit advantage over other citizens in politics, there can be no reason for continued restriction. The President believes with all intelligent men that practical participation in the details of politics is the duty of every citizen, and his order strikes at the chief and palpable impediment to that general activity. "What's the use of trying to do any thing?" is now the universal question; and the reason of the question is that "the office-holders have it all their own way." The order tends directly to the reform and purification of the civil service, because it prohibits its use as a system of bribes and penalties. When a man knows that he will not be appointed because he has done somebody's political work, and when a member of Congress and the influential politician know that their henchmen will not be appointed because of that fact, and if appointed, will be removed if they are caught working for their patrons, a great and beneficent reform will have been achieved. It will not, however, be a reform confined to methods and means, to examinations and promotions, but it will emancipate whole communities from the political control of rings, and tend to draw all citizens into active politics by giving every body fair play. The permanence of such a reform, indeed, will depend upon public opinion. The President will have done his duty in taking such steps as the limitations of his authority permit to abolish the office-holding despotism. If Congress shall second him, the result will be permanent, and Congress will at last second such a policy if the friends of a sound system are as firm as the President.

THE RIOTS AND THEIR LESSON.

THE great and terrible riots growing out of the railroad strikes have naturally startled the country. The power of States seemed to be for a time paralyzed, so that there was an uneasy feeling of a total want of adequate preparation for probable and perilous contingencies. The question of strikes is one thing, that of anarchy is another. Every man has the right to work for whomsoever he prefers, and upon terms acceptable to both sides. But no man or body of men has a right to interfere with the equal right of other men to make their own labor bargains, and the moment they attempt to interfere forcibly, and others for the worst purposes join them, they invite anarchy and become the enemies of civilized society. It may be true that great corporations are sometimes hard in their dealings with those whom they employ. But the remedy does not lie in directly or indirectly inciting pillage and fire and blood. The moment that course is adopted, all good citizens, whatever their sympathies, are of one mind and purpose, and combine to vindicate the law and preserve order at all hazards. Recent events are most melancholy and deplorable, but they are full of instruction and warning; and it would be a misfortune very much greater than that of the loss of life and property if their lesson were lost.

These events show most forcibly that the great avenues of communication throughout the country, over which an unobstructed way is indispensable to the prosperity of every interest and to the daily business of every section, and therefore to the peace of society, are wholly in the power of a certain class, which is organized and drilled and pledged to obedience and concert of action. They show, secondly, the vital necessity of a wise and careful consideration of the conditions of a true relation between that class and the great corporations which employ it. And thirdly, they show that the time has come in this country when there must be the most ample and ready supply of the organized force necessary to maintain order at all costs. The very first thing that appeared in these railroad riots was the total inefficiency of the militia organization of West Virginia to control a local disturbance. The spectacle of that weakness was like a spark to tinder, and the disorder ran swiftly along the lines, already prepared and inflammable, until the same thing in Pennsylvania, at Pittsburgh, produced a delirium of crime. It is plain, after the events of the last fortnight, that henceforth the State militia must be an army trained for war, or the security of order is gone. It is henceforth no holiday business to serve in the militia, but every citizen must be made a possible soldier and minute-man. The beginning of a riot is usually manageable by cool men who know, and who deal with a mob which knows, that disciplined force is at hand to repress disorder. The consciousness of such a force is the most powerful peace-maker.

But besides the State force, which may be, under certain circumstances, accessible to influences that weaken it, the army of the United States should be adequate in numbers to possible and probable emergencies, which it certainly is not now. There is a stupid hostility to the army in some quarters, and as its combined force of regulars and volunteers suppressed the rebellion, it is evidently thought that to belittle and actually to reduce the army is to propitiate the ex-Confederates. It is a policy that probably nobody despises more than they, and which is a kind of sentimental treason. The final reliance of the country is undoubtedly upon the armed citizens or militia, but only upon the condition that they are able by training to use their arms effectively. And experience has demonstrated the wisdom of supplementing this reserve by a national force commensurate with the size and character of the country and the exigencies that will always demand peremptory and adequate military action. This question of an ample and disciplined force in every part of the country is that which is especially presented by the late terrible occurrences. The vitally important point is to teach every man that his remedy even for what seems to him the most cruel and wanton wrong must be under the law and not over it. The moment that he tramples on the law in pursuit of his relief, he makes the whole country his enemy. Nobody, least of all the poor man, is sure of any thing when the law is defied. The wrong done to poor men and laboring-men by such lawlessness as that in Pittsburgh is incalculable, not only from the destruction of property, but from the sudden and total interruption of trade and industry, which employ hundreds of thousands of honest hands. The men who struck, struck their friends, and have mortally wounded a host of them. But the lesson will not be lost if the good sense of every State and community now looks carefully to its means of enforcing order, while striving with equal care to remove all reasonable cause of disorder.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

WE have already called attention to the temperance movement of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and that of Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY. The first regards drunkenness from the point of view of social order, and not from that of morality, and would stringently enforce the laws that regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors as a matter of police. It does not demand prohibition, and says nothing about it. Prohibitionists, indeed, are welcome to join in the movement, but not as such. Those who are not total abstinents are equally welcome, for the work is one in which men of all views, who know that the retail sale of liquor is the chief source of disorder and crime, may heartily combine in causing the law to be respected. The supporters of this movement proceed upon the sound theory that laws, to be really effective, must not transcend or outrage the general conviction of the community, and they hold that that general sentiment favors the strict regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquor, and sustains its thorough enforcement. Their method of action does not conflict with that of any other temperance movement, and if any friend of temperance should refuse them sympathy and support for the reason that they are not "thorough," he would certainly prove that he himself was not so. The movement is likely to attract a very large and effective sympathy and co-operation, for there is a host of friends of temperance who are not total abstinents nor prohibitionists, and who could therefore neither take a total pledge nor advocate a prohibitory law, but who will gladly join in an effort to promote temperance, as they conceive it, by enforcing existing regulations of licensed sale.

Mr. MURPHY'S movement is somewhat similar. He is a total abstinent, and he recommends total abstinence; but he is not, as we understand, what is technically known as a prohibitionist, and indeed he frankly concedes that there is a choice of evils in the matter, and that it is better to drink beer than whiskey. His method is the old method of moral suasion. He was for many years a habitual drunkard. He has, therefore, all the knowledge that actual experience and observation can supply of the condition of the drunkard and of the better methods of his relief. He considers all the circumstances. He sees that climate, temperament, and the nature of the liquor are important elements in treating the question practically. At a recent meeting Mr. MURPHY is reported to have said, "The German can go to the beer garden and come home perfectly sober after drinking all day; he is really the most sensible drinker in America." And the Chicago *Tribune*, alluding to this remark, says:

> "A case in point may be found at the summer-garden concerts now in progress at the Exposition Building under the auspices of Mr. THOMAS. Here assemble every evening an average of nearly 2000 people, mainly Germans, Irish, and Americans. Intoxicating liquors not being allowed on the premises, beer is the beverage, and it is most generously patronized by ladies and gentlemen alike. This has been going on every evening for four weeks, and yet no one has been drunk, boisterous, or quarrelsome, and no disturbance of any kind has interrupted the musical meditations of the most pronounced prohibitionist in attendance. The audiences could not have been more proper if they had been supplied with water pure and simple. But suppose that whiskey were dealt out as freely as beer, and that the hot-headed, nervous Americans and Irish in attendance partook of it, where would the THOMAS concerts be in a short time, unless a strong police force were provided?"

Mr. MURPHY also, though he has had the most bitter experience, does not hold the dram-sellers personally and individually responsible. He does not denounce them as imps of hell, but insists that they may be honest and respectable men. In the same speech he said:

> "The liquor-sellers are men as well as any of my hearers, and they have virtuous wives and daughters the same as any other men. There are honorable men among them I would trust to take my daughter to England if necessary. The saloon-keepers are men, and they must be treated like them, and not be ridiculed or reviled."

His faith is evidently strong in the persuasive power of the right; and as his plan is persuasion, he wisely holds that you had better not slap a man's face as the preliminary means to his conversion. If you begin by calling a man a scoundrel and a rascal, the maker of widows and orphans, and a damning pestilence and nuisance in the community, your subsequent remarks will probably interest him no more. These movements have plainly given a fresh impulse to the cause of temperance, and can not fail to command universal sympathy and approval.

CONTEMPORANEOUS INTERPRETATION.

In Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's interesting and valuable contribution to American political history, the *Life and Letters of George Cabot*, which he recently edited, there is a letter which is well worth reading at this time. Mr. Lodge says, in a note:

> "I have inserted this letter simply as an illustration of the conception of the civil service entertained by Senators in 1791, and also as showing the relation to the President which Senators thought they held with regard to such appointments."

Mr. Cabot was at the time a Senator from Massachusetts, and he wrote the letter within five years after the adoption of the Constitution. The letter is therefore an admirable illustration of contemporaneous interpretation. He writes to President Washington as follows:

> "Beverly, *January* 29, 1791.
>
> "Sir,—Mr. William Kirkpatrick, a member of the house of Messieurs. Grivegnée & Co., of Malaga, wishes to have the honor of serving the United States in the character of consul for that port. Should it be thought expedient to institute such an office, it *may* be found that Mr. Kirkpatrick's situation, as well as talents and disposition, peculiarly enable him to fill it with propriety. Permit me, therefore, Sir, to request that when the qualifications of candidates are under your consideration, *his* also may be considered.
>
> "If any apology is necessary for this freedom, I hope it may not be deemed insufficient that, having been led by my profession to make frequent visits to Spain, among other intimacies, I formed one with the principals of the commercial establishment to which Mr. Kirkpatrick belongs; that *these* have desired my testimony on this occasion; and that my experience of their integrity and their friendship to the people of this country constrains me to think well of a gentleman they recommend, and to confide in one for whose faithfulness they are willing to be responsible.
>
> "I am, with the most profound respect, Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,
>
> "George Cabot."

In more modern times we have known a Senator of the United States to demand of the President the nomination of a certain person as a judge, and when the President, knowing the person to be unfit, declined, and nominated another, the nomination and all that followed it were defeated by the Senator and the "customs" of the Senate, until, after more than a year had elapsed, the President was forced to a compromise by naming another person suggested by the Senator. The contemporaneous interpretation of the meaning of the Constitution seems to us a great deal sounder than that of a later day.

POLITICAL SIGNS.

It is very interesting to watch the action of the political conventions this year, for the reason that the general course of the Administration is unquestionably approved by a great multitude in both parties. The Democrats who declare that the President is carrying out their policy ought not to refrain from approving it, and the Republicans who believe it to be wise and patriotic should certainly applaud it. But when honest men of both parties approve an Administration, where are we? If parties have no other legitimate reason for existence than the promotion of a certain policy, then a policy which satisfies both, or an important part of both, should seem logically to unite them.

It is evident that the question which, under various forms, has divided our politics for half a century, can not much longer continue to divide them. In Ohio and the West to-day the vital interest is evidently no longer the South and the condition of the colored race, but it is financial and industrial. Mr. Blaine's appeal to sectional jealousy at Woodstock has not aroused an emphatic response. The difference between its effect and that of his amnesty speech in Congress is very marked and very significant. The declaration of the Iowa Republicans that they are devoted to equal rights under law, and that, until these are acknowledged, they will stand by the colors and fight the good fight, is a general profession in which every body can join, and which is meant mainly as a censure of the President. The true declaration for a platform is the proposed method of maintaining rights which nobody professes to deny. The vital points of the Iowa Republican platform are the demand for silver as a universal legal tender and the declaration against subsidies. The first of these is emphatically not a Republican demand, and the second is in no sense a party principle on either side. The Iowa Republicans, while demanding the remonetization of silver by indirection, pointedly condemned the Republican Administration. The New Hampshire Republican Legislature commends in general the policy of the Administration and praises the President, but adds a vague warning to the miscreants in the Southern States, that they will be left "to such stern measures as may be demanded for the protection of personal rights and maintenance of public order." There is no key furnished to this menace, probably because there is none. Disorders in any State can be treated with "stern measures" by the national government only under certain defined constitutional conditions.

These facts, which are the first straws blown by the rising political gale, show the uncertain condition upon the Republican side. On the Democratic side the signs are still more significant. The rapid development of the Bourbon and anti-Bourbon policy in regard to re-opening the Presidential question, the positive tendency to inflation among the Western Democrats, and the hostile attitude of Mr. Ottendorfer and his friends toward Tammany Hall in New York, with the frank and open approval by many Democrats of the course of the Administration, and an equally frank Democratic declaration of satisfaction that Mr. Tilden did not come in, are notable proofs of want of Democratic harmony. Of course parties and political organizations are not strictly logical. Names and traditions, as well as personal character and temperament, are important partisan elements. The Republicans are certainly unwise if they decide to lose the immense advantage of their position in having an Administration whose wise and patriotic policy challenges the commendation of the opposition. They can, indeed, abandon the Administration directly or indirectly, and alienate its friends, but they can not change its spirit or its policy. They can also support it in a manner so generous and decisive as to show that the party is identified with a policy which reveals the practicability of a true Union, and so prove the party to be indeed the party of liberty, of justice, of the Constitution, and of the country. Which course is wiser does not seem to admit of question.

CLOUDS IN FRANCE.

This summer will not be remembered as the peace summer on either side of the sea. The railroad riots in this country, with the Indian warfare, and in Europe the struggle between Russia and Turkey, with England apparently preparing to take part, or at least to be ready, and Germany and Austria necessarily on the alert, while France is heaving with the throes of an election which may readily end in civil convulsion, all show a general disturbance which is not re-assuring. In England the feeling in regard to the war is intense, and the *Spectator*, the Liberal weekly, goes so far as to defy Lord Beaconsfield to dissolve Parliament, and so ascertain whether his Turkish policy is really approved by the country. In France the appeal to the country has been made upon the difference between Marshal M'Mahon and the Assembly, but its results are not likely to be satisfactory. The recent order of the marshal to the army, after the review of the 1st of July, was as follows:

> "Soldiers,—I am satisfied with your bearing and the regularity of the movements which you have just executed. I know, moreover, by the reports of your chief, the zeal and spirit which you exhibit in all the details of the service. Yes, you comprehend your duties; you feel that the country has intrusted to you the custody of its dearest interests. On every occasion I count on you to defend them. You will help me, I am certain, to maintain respect for authority and law in the discharge of the mission which has been confided to me, and which I shall fulfill to the end."

In this order the marshal makes himself and the army the party of law and order as he understands them. He distinctly states that the country has intrusted the care of its interests to the army and not to its elected representatives, and he exhorts the army to stand by him, not by the law nor by the representatives of the people. To comprehend the situation fully, we have only to imagine an American President issuing such an order to an army. It shows in the Chief Magistrate of France total incapacity to comprehend free institutions, and complete reliance upon the despotic traditions of the country. For this exhortation proceeds from a military chief to an army of nearly half a million of disciplined soldiers, trained to regard themselves as the final arbiters in every political dispute. The situation is made more menacing by the fact that with this insulting disregard of the impending election as conclusive evidence of the national will, the letter of the law will justify the marshal in directly defying that result. With the consent of a majority of the Senate, he can always dissolve the Assembly, and even if the new Assembly should have as great or greater adverse majority than the present, he can at once dissolve it. As one of the reactionary papers remarks, "The Lower Chamber being, thank God, a thing which is driven away at pleasure, it will be perpetually dismissed until the people have recovered a little reason."

Should Marshal M'Mahon pursue this policy—and his order to the army justifies the probability—the loyalty of France to law will be severely tested. The proceeding would be plainly an overthrow of the purpose of the Constitution under the forms of law. But the necessities of the exchequer would compel the marshal to decide between a formal and complete *coup d'état* and change of the government by military force, or submission to the national will. That is an alternative to which, because of the marshal's apparent intention, no thoughtful Frenchman can wish to see his country subjected, and yet it is that which seems to be inevitable. The one obvious simple course for the marshal to pursue, and that which would be universally approved out of France, would be to declare that there should be an honest election, and that he would loyally abide by the result. But his order shows that he anticipates the result, and is ready to disregard it.

PERSONAL.

One of the most intellectual and notable of the many entertainments given to General Grant in London was the press dinner given to him at the Grosvenor Hotel by Mr. John Russell Young. The guests embraced the ablest writers and wittiest men connected with British journalism. Among them were Mr. Macdonald, the business manager of the *Times*, and Messrs. Stebbing and M'Donnell, leader-writers; Mr. Frank Hill, editor of the *Daily News*; Mr. Pigott, once a leader-writer, now censor of plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office; Mr. Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Mr. George Augustus Sala, of the *Daily Telegraph*; Mr. Edmund Yates, of the *World*; Mr. Edward Dicey, of the *Observer*; Mr. Norman Lockyer, the astronomer; Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*; Mr. Macmillan, the publisher, and Mr. Craik, his partner; Mr. Moncure D. Conway, and various other gentlemen connected with the weekly and monthly literature of England. Senator Roscoe Conkling was also present, as was Monsignor Capel, and many other gentlemen whose names are familiar in the world of literature, art, and politics. One can well imagine that with a company composed of so many men of mark—the very brightest, indeed, in London—the feast of good things, intellectual as well as edible and potable, must have been exceptionally brilliant and enjoyable.

—The novel which Mr. William Black is now writing in serial form, *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, promises to be one of his best. It will have special interest for American readers from the fact that certain of its scenes will occur on American soil. The author himself, readily discernible from certain peculiarities of physique, and the well-known spectacles, will accompany his heroine hitherward, and while his creative fancy will throw her into the realm of romance, he may be expected to indulge in various reflections or "views," as it were, as to what interests him in the U. S. To give additional pith, piquancy, and point to these portions of the tale, he has secured the assistance of one of the cleverest of American journalists, who will contribute to the narrative. This gentleman having copyrighted his matter, will take good care that enterprising "appropriators" do not, informally and without leave, reproduce what legally belongs to himself.

—Secretary Evarts and Attorney-General Devens, accompanied by a few bright people, and having those special comforts that always attach to the private cars of railway presidents and superintendents, have enjoyed a pleasant and instructive holiday in visiting the coal regions of Pennsylvania, not "marching into the bowels of the land," but making veritable descents thousands of feet into murky caverns where grimy men were pecking away at great veins of anthracite, and sending it heavenward by the wonderful machinery invented for that purpose. Mr. Evarts, according to a Reading reporter, was particularly witty during his visit to the Pottsville colliery, 1585 feet deep. At first he hesitated about going down, but finally consented. "What shall I do with my white high hat?" said he. The first remark after getting under way was by Mr. Whiting, who called attention to the peculiar sensation on the drum of the ear after descending a few hundred feet. "Which ear?" responded the Secretary. Mr. Whiting then suggested, as a relief, to swallow. "What?" responded the Secretary. "What do you think of the huge timbers on the sides?" was asked. "I am now only concerned about the bottom," which at this moment was reached. "In what directions are you working?" asked the Secretary of a boss. "East and west, Sir," was the reply. "That's not like the present Administration."

—Mr. Brassey, M.P., in an interesting account of his voyage round the world in the steam-yacht *Sunbeam*, mentions the significant fact that no vessel of the merchant service of the United States, and only two steamers bearing the Belgian flag, have passed through the Suez Canal.

—The late Charles F. Bodman, for many years a prominent business man of Cincinnati, left $50,000 to the Historical Society of that city, and the cash was paid over on the 16th ult.

—We haven't his name, but he is a Japanese aristocrat of the first tribe, who thus writes home to his wife: "The chief branch of education of young men here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses called 'colleges,' and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."

—Yale College will ere long receive another munificent bequest. Ex-Mayor Fitch, of New Haven, who died recently, left an estate of $200,000, with a request that after the death of his wife it should all go to Yale College. He left no children.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell, having discarded the quiet of the lecture-room for the pomp of courts and the conventionalities of patrician society in the worm-eaten monarchies of the other side, is now the subject of industrious paragraphists as to his way of life before he blossomed into diplomacy. One man tells us that he does not write at a table, but seating himself midway between it and the fire-place in a broad easy-chair, he uses a stiff piece of pasteboard, resting it conveniently on his knee. His "copy" is unpopular with printers for its many changes, erasures, and interlineations, though the writing itself is fair and uniform. He is a hard reader and student, and his classical knowledge is not excelled by that of any of the Harvard professors. He is quite a pedestrian, an angler, and a worker among his flowers, and, though not a rich man, has an income sufficient to enable him to work for posterity gratis.

—Minister Pierrepont declined to attend the dinner given to General Grant at the London Reform Club, on the ground that it is a political club. Mr. Pierrepont has certainly manifested great tact, persistence, and spirit in the manner in which he has managed matters of etiquette in connection with the Grant receptions, dinners, etc. Some old customs and ancient points of precedence he has entirely ignored, and insisted upon others more in harmony with the spirit of the time, and likely to be followed in such matters hereafter.

—The farm in New Rochelle given to the not deeply lamented Tom Paine by the State of New York for literary services rendered during the Revolutionary war is about to be sold under mortgage foreclosure for $12,500. It consists of about 150 acres. A farmer named See occupies the house where Paine lived and died.

—Mr. Benson J. Lossing's country-seat, "The Ridge," in Dutchess County, sixteen miles east of Fishkill and the Hudson River, is one of the most picturesque in the county. His house was built in 1811, and has been remodeled to suit his taste and convenience. The library of nearly 6000 volumes, in a fire-proof building constructed of marble, is rich in historical matter. Besides rare old books, it contains many historical relics connected with the battle-fields of the Revolutionary war and of the war of 1812, also curious Indian and Egyptian antiquities. There is a curious collection of miniatures in water-colors of actors in the Revolution, made from life by Mr. Lossing himself thirty years ago. One of them is the portrait of Jonathan Harrington, who played the fife at the skirmish in Lexington in April, 1775; also a daguerreotype of David Kinnison, one of the famous "Boston tea party," made when he was one hundred and thirteen years old. The library building is made into two rooms, a lower and an upper one; the upper one is the study and working-room.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

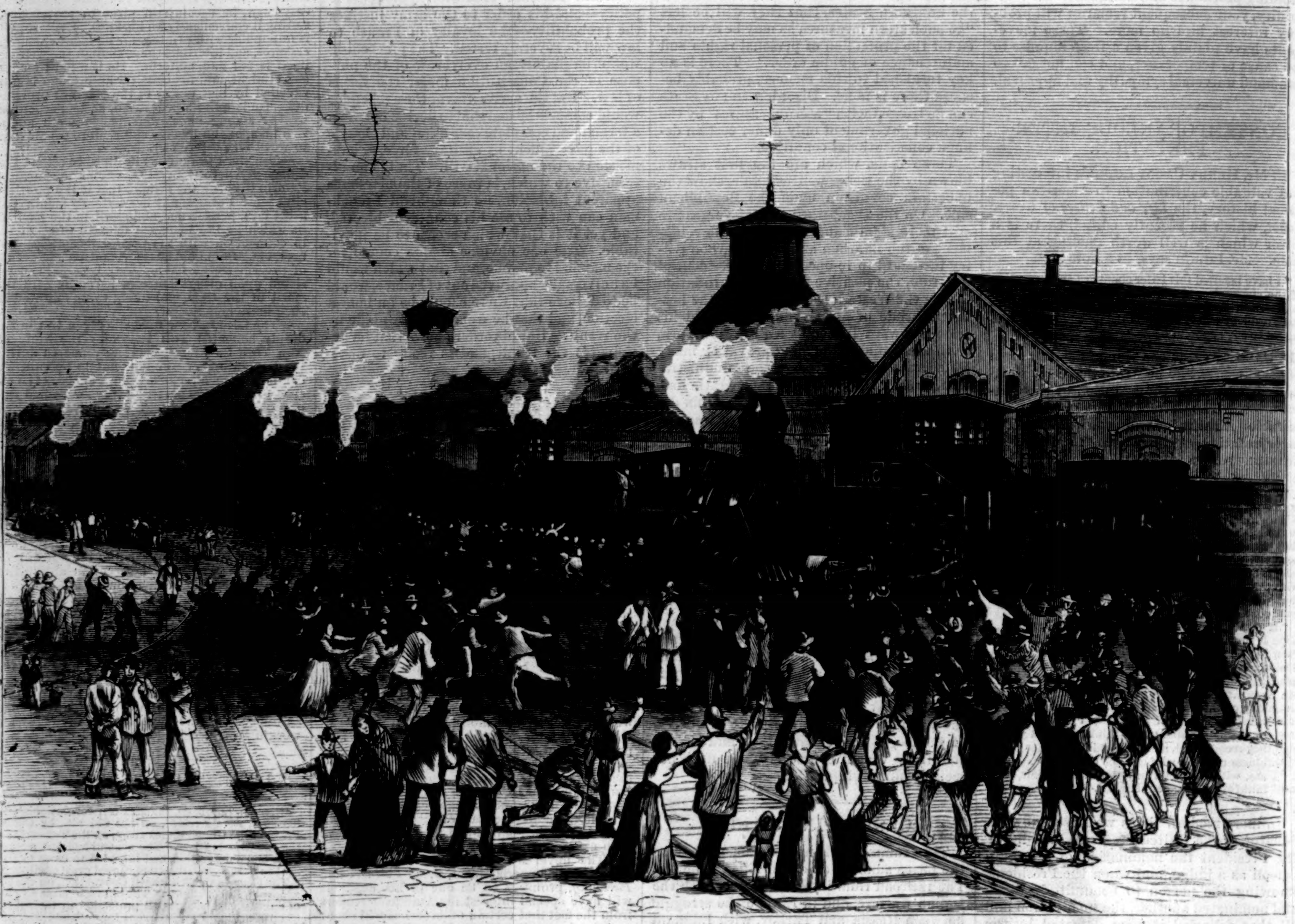
General Escobedo, the Mexican revolutionist, and his staff, were arrested, on the 22d ult., by Colonel Price, of the United States army, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande River. The general had just received arms and ammunition, and intended to cross to Mexico the next day. His arrest caused great excitement.

The Georgia Constitutional Convention, on the 23d, adopted a Bill of Rights. The bill recognizes all races of citizens, and pledges all protection in their rights of citizenship. Imprisonment for debt and whipping for crime are prohibited. The bill declares that the right of changing the Constitution or form of government is the sole and inherent right of the people of the State. On the 24th, the Convention made lobbying a crime. The committee on the Bill of Rights reported that the people of Georgia had an inherent right to alter or abolish their Constitution or form of government. After debate, the words "or form of government" were left out.

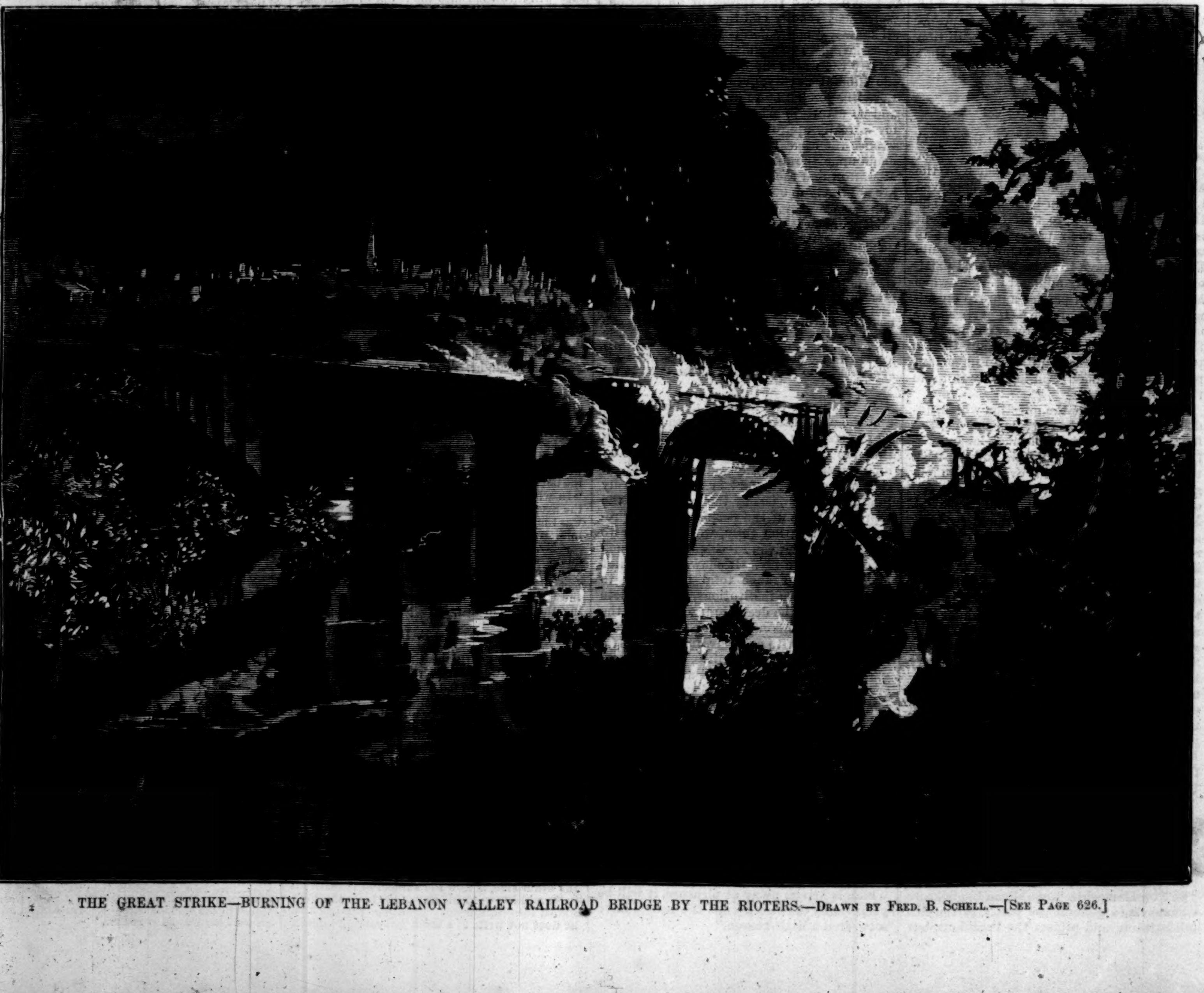
The Ohio Democratic Convention met at Columbus on the 25th, passed resolutions demanding the repeal of the Resumption Act, the restoration of silver to the currency, and the retention of paper money. R. M. Bishop, of Hamilton County, was nominated for Governor, and General J. W. Fitch, of Cuyahoga County, for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

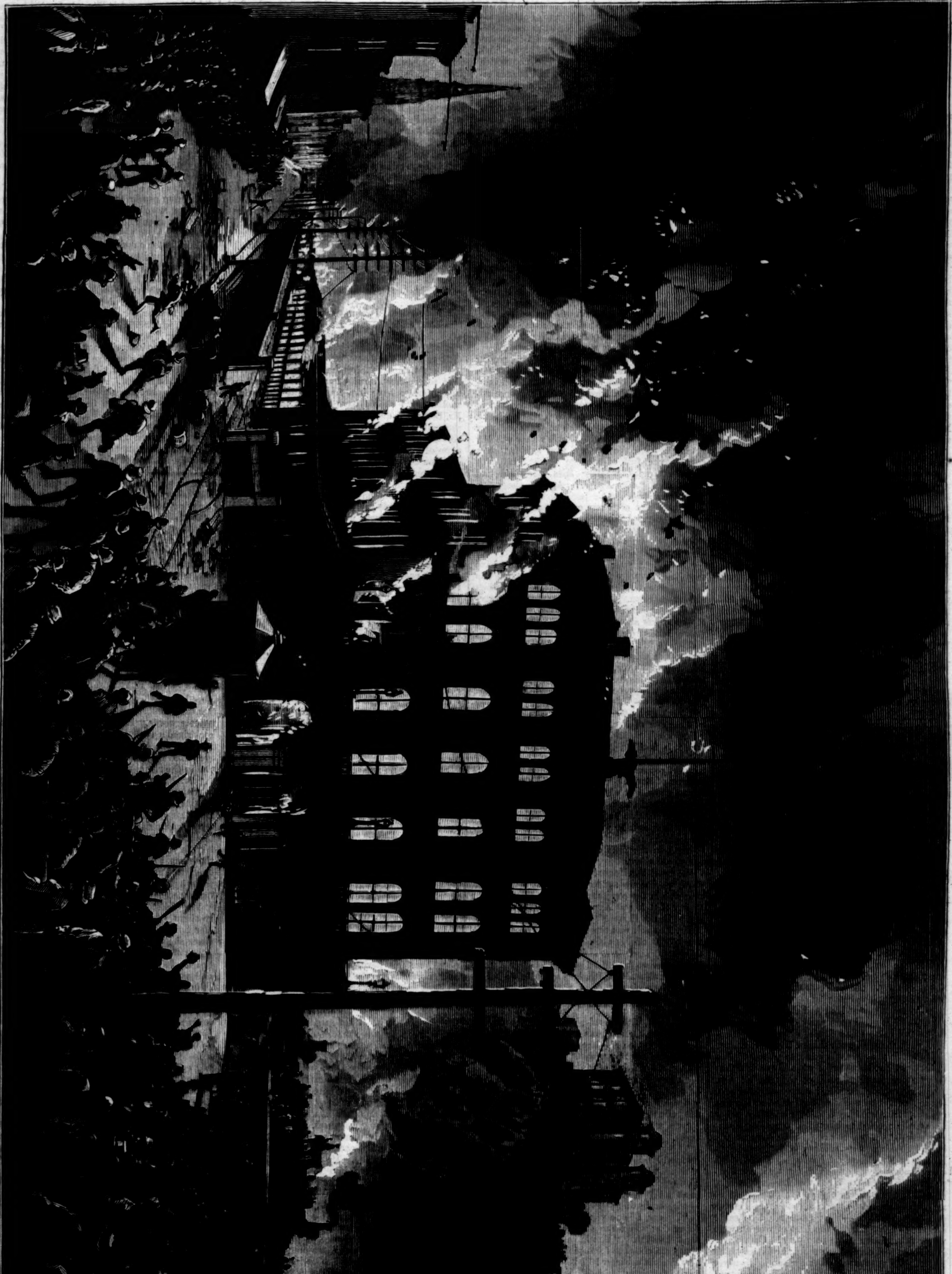
The Eastern War: The Turks opposing the march of the enemy in the direction of Adrianople claim to have defeated the advancing columns. Osman Pasha, telegraphing from Plevna, July 19, says: "At noon to-day we commenced a desperate engagement, lasting until evening. We inflicted considerable loss on the enemy, and forced him to abandon the greater part of his positions." A second dispatch from Osman Pasha, dated the 20th July, says: "To-day three strong Russian corps attacked our lines, but were routed, with innumerable killed, and also the loss of three ammunition wagons, one train of artillery, and an immense quantity of arms and equipments."—Three Russian divisions re-enforced the advanced posts near Jeni-Saghra on the 21st, and occupied that place.—The Russians have sunk four vessels, containing 260 cubic yards of stone, in the Sulina branch of the Danube, a mile and a half below the upper entrance. About 500 cubic yards of additional stones have been thrown on top of these vessels, and the depth of water in the channel reduced to four feet.—On the 18th, Shipka Pass was taken by the Russians, and occupied by a regiment with two guns. On the previous day General Gourkho, after an engagement in which he lost 207 in killed and wounded, occupied Kazanlik and the village of Shipka.—The Porte officially declares that 6000 inoffensive persons of both sexes have been massacred in various villages by the Russians and Bulgarians.—Turkish official advices from Erzerum, dated July 20, say the Russians recently appeared to be concentrating at Zaim, between Alexandropol and Kars, but the forces there have been since withdrawn, and to-day the tents and baggage were conveyed to Djaninslidash and Alexandropol. The general movement of the Russian army indicates a retreat on Alexandropol.—The bombardment of Rustchuk from Giurgevo was renewed on the 21st ult. The firing was very heavy, and the town was almost hidden in smoke. Fort Vir, at the southern entrance of the Duga Pass, with a garrison of sixty Turks, surrendered, on the 24th ult., after a brief bombardment.—The Russians attacked the outworks of Silistria on the morning of the 24th ult., but were defeated.—A Russian official dispatch from Tirnova concedes the defeat at Plevna, and gives the Russian loss at two colonels and fourteen inferior officers killed, one general and thirty-six inferior officers wounded, and 1878 men placed *hors de combat*. General Schilder has retired to the Biela road.—A Biela dispatch of the 23d ult. to the London *Daily News*, says: "The Russian Army of Rustchuk has advanced to the line of the Lom River, touching the Danube at Pyrgos, and is slowly wheeling on that pivot to invest the fortress. Nearly 40,000 men are now jammed into the angle between the Danube and the Lom. The Turks have abandoned the line of the Lom without fighting; one part is believed to have retired on Rustchuk and another on Shumla."—Prince Gortchakoff has notified the powers that Russia will not treat directly with the Porte. The questions to be settled will be submitted to the great powers.—The Russian steamer *Nicholas* and two sloops armed with cannon and mitrailleuses engaged a Turkish Monitor near Silistria. She was set on fire and considerably damaged, and several of her crew killed and wounded. The Russian vessels sustained insignificant damage and no loss.—Five Turkish steamers and two Monitors, going from Rustchuk to Silistria, on the 23d ult., were attacked by the Slobosia batteries. Three of the steamers were burned and one sunk.



THE GREAT STRIKE—BLOCKADE OF ENGINES AT MARTINSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.—From Photograph by D. Bendann.—[See Page 626.]



THE GREAT STRIKE—BURNING OF THE LEBANON VALLEY RAILROAD BRIDGE BY THE RIOTERS.—Drawn by Fred. B. Schell.—[See Page 626.]



THE GREAT STRIKE—DESTRUCTION OF THE UNION DEPÔT AND HOTEL AT PITTSBURGH.—Drawn by Fred. B. Schell.—[See Page 626.]

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

A GREAT REVOLUTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the directness of this questioning, it was by no means a direct reply which Mr. Beresford got from Mrs. Meredith. It was not a refusal, but neither was it a consent. "Let us not do any thing rashly," and "I think we are very well as we are," was what she said; and yet the change was certainly a step nearer accomplishment now that the possibility of it had been mentioned between them. He had grown rather earnest in pressing the expediency of this step as soon as the ice was fairly broken, and had been piqued by her reluctance into more warmth than he had expected himself to feel. Nevertheless, when he came back to his own house, uncomfortable matters of detail came into Mr. Beresford's mind, and annoyed him more than he could have believed, more than they were worth. About the houses, for instance; if this happened, they could not go on living next door to each other. Would she come to his, or should he go to hers? if, indeed, the matter came to any thing. This bothered him, and suggested many other details—changes of habit which would bother him still more. Altogether it was a troublesome business. He liked her best in her own drawing-room; but then he liked himself much best in his own library, and there were moments in which he felt disposed to denounce the fool who had first thought of any change. All things considered, how much better it would have been that they should remain as they were! but that was no longer to be thought of. How was he to tell Cara? How was she to tell her boys, upon whom she was so much more dependent than he was upon Cara? If the boys disapproved strenuously, then Mr. Beresford felt it would come to nothing, after all; and in that case how much better to have said nothing! for he felt that he would not like to stand in the position of a man refused. So that altogether this middle-aged romance was not without its troubles; troubles—as, for instance, that about the houses—which you may laugh at if you please, but which involved much more personal embarrassment and inconvenience, you will allow, than many of the sentimental difficulties which you are ready to weep over in the romances of the young.

Mrs. Meredith was kept in some uneasiness also by the fact that Oswald did not return that night. The servants sat up for him, and lights burned all night in the house, affronting the dawn which came so early; but he did not appear. This was not at all usual; for Oswald, though he liked his own way, and was frivolous enough, had never been dissipated in the ordinary sense of that word; and what made it more unpleasant still was the fact that next day was Sunday, and that no communication either by telegram or letter was possible. This fact drove every thing else out of Mrs. Meredith's head. When James Beresford went to her, she could talk of nothing but Oswald—where he could have gone, how he might have been detained. That he had not sent them any news of his movements was easily explained. Sunday! "I would not say a word against Sunday," said poor Mrs. Meredith, who went to church dutifully as Sunday came, "but, oh! when one is anxious, when there is no post and no telegraph, what a day!" They were all telling her how easily explainable Oswald's absence was; and when they stopped explaining it to her she herself would take up the parable, and protest that she knew exactly how it must have happened. It was all as clear as daylight. He had been detained by his friends, whoever they might happen to be, or he had lost the last train. It was Oswald's way to lose the last train, and no one had asked where he was going when he said he was going to the country. And, of course, it had been too late to telegraph on Saturday night; and how was he to know, a boy of his late habits, that the telegraph offices were open early on Sunday morning? All these explanations were most plausible. The worst of such things, however, is that, plausible as they are, they satisfy nobody. But it annoyed Mr. Beresford immensely to find that Oswald's unexpected absence took up all Mrs. Meredith's thoughts. She had no leisure for him, though surely he ought to have been at least as important as Oswald. Whatever he talked to her about, she replied to him with something about her boy. As if her boy could have come to any harm! as if it was not all his own levity and selfishness! Mr. Beresford, having no object of his own to pursue, was quite indignant with and impatient of Oswald. What was he—a frivolous, do-nothing, unsatisfactory young man—that so much fuss should be made about *him?* He was one of "the boys"—what more could be said? and how unsatisfactory the best of women were when this motive came into play! Cara never thus distracted her father's mind; he did not think of her. To be sure she was a girl, and girls never get into scrapes. He did not quite like, it is true, the task of opening this question, of which his mind was full, to Cara. He thought, perhaps, that when all was settled, *she* (meaning Mrs. Meredith) might do it. Women know best how to deal with girls; but to make Cara, whatever might happen to her, into a hinderance of other intercourse, into an obstacle which stopped every thing, that was not a weakness of which he would be capable. Mr. Beresford did not scoff at women; it was not a sentiment congenial to him; but still he had a feeling that in this respect the comparative strength and weakness of male and female character was certainly shown. But he would not say so rudely. He was obliged to submit.

On Monday morning a telegram did come from Oswald. He had been detained; would write to explain, but did not expect to get home till Thursday or Friday; please send portmanteau to cloak-room, Clapham Junction. "Do any of his friends live in that quarter?" Mrs. Meredith asked Edward, with astonishment. "He has friends every where," said Edward, with a half sigh. This pleased the mother, though he had not said it with such an intention. Yes, he had friends every where. He was a harum-scarum boy, too careless perhaps, but every where, wherever he went, he had friends; and the portmanteau was sent, and the letter of explanation waited for—but it did not come. In short, the week had nearly run round again without any news of him, and every thing else was arrested, waited for Oswald's re-appearance. Mrs. Meredith evaded all recurrence to the more important subject by constantly falling back upon Oswald—perhaps she was rather glad of the chance of escape it gave her—and Mr. Beresford was no nearer a settlement than ever. This fretted him, and put him in a sort of secondary position which he did not like, but which it was useless to struggle against; and so the days and the hours went on.

It was the Friday when two visitors almost at the same moment approached the two adjoining houses in the Square, both of them with faces full of seriousness, and even anxiety. One of them was Mr. Maxwell in his brougham, who sprang out with a kind of nervous alacrity unusual to him, and knocked at Mrs. Meredith's door. The other was a solid and portly clergyman, who got out of a four-wheeled cab, paying his fare with a careful calculation of the distance which produced bad language from his driver, and knocked at Mr. Beresford's. They were admitted about the same moment, and received in the two corresponding rooms with nothing but a wall between them; and both of them had very serious business in hand. Cara's visitor was Mr. Burchell, from the rectory, who asked, with a countenance full of strange things, and with many apologies, whether Miss Beresford had lately seen "our Agnes." Agnes! the name made Cara start.

"I have not seen any one but Roger since I left the Hill. I hope he—I mean all, are well. Is Agnes in town, Mr. Burchell?" Agnes was four or five years older than Cara, and therefore out of her sphere.

"I thought your aunt would certainly have mentioned it to you; indeed, Mrs. Burchell was much surprised that she did not see her when she was in town. Agnes has been in—an educational establishment for some time. We are a little anxious about her," said the rector, with a quaver in his voice.

"Is she ill?" Cara did not love the clergyman under whom she had sat for ten years, but her heart was touched by that unmistakable trembling in his commonplace voice.

"I don't suppose she is ill; we—don't know. The fact is she left—the House last Saturday—and has never come back. We don't know what has become of her," he said, with real trouble. "You won't mention it to any one. Oh, I suppose it is nothing, or something quite easily explainable; but her mother is anxious, and I thought you might have seen her. It is nothing, nothing of any real consequence," he added, trying to smile, but with a quiver in his lips. He was stout and commonplace, and indeed disagreeable, but emotion had its effect upon him as well as another, and he was anxious about his child. He looked Cara wistfully in the face, as if trying to read in the lines of it something more than she would allow.

"Agnes! the House! Oh, Mr. Burchell!" said Cara, waking up suddenly to a full sense of all that was in the communication. "Do you mean to say that it was Agnes—*Agnes!* that was the Agnes in the House?"

Mr. Maxwell was more uncertain how to open the object of his visit. He sat for some time talking of *la pluie et le beau temps.* He did not know how to begin. Then he contrived little traps for Mrs. Meredith, hoping to bring her to betray herself, and open a way for him. He asked about Cara, then about Mr. Beresford, and how he heard he had given up all ideas of going away. But, with all this, he did not produce the desired result, and it was necessary at last, unless he meant to lose his time altogether, to introduce his subject broadly without preface. He did so with much clearing of his throat.

"I have taken rather a bold thing upon me," he said. "I have thought it my duty—I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Meredith. I have come to speak to you on this subject."

"On what subject?" she said, simply, with a smile.

This made it more difficult than ever. "About you and Mr. Beresford," he said, abruptly blurting it out. "Don't be offended, for heaven's sake! You ought to have known from the first; but I can't let you walk blindly into—other relations—without letting you know."

"Doctor, I hope you are not going to say any thing that will make a breach between us," said Mrs. Meredith. "You have no right to suppose that I am about to form other relations—I only a few months a widow! I hope I have done nothing to forfeit my friends' respect."

"Then I am not too late," he said, with an air of relief. "There is still time! I am very glad of that. Respect—forfeit your friends' respect? who could suppose such a thing? You have only too much of your friends' respect. We would all go through fire and water for you."

"Thanks, thanks," she said; "but you must not let me be gossiped about," she added, after a moment, which made the doctor, though he was not of a delicate countenance, blush.

"That is all very well," he said, "but those who have so many friends, and friends so warmly interested, must expect a little talk. It has been spoken of, that there was something, that there might be—in short, that Mr. Beresford and you—forgive me! I don't mean to say that it would not be most suitable. Every body knows how fond he is of you—and not much wonder."

"Indeed, indeed you must not talk to me so," cried Mrs. Meredith, distressed; "my affairs are not public business, Mr. Maxwell."

"I came to tell you," he said, doggedly, "something you ought to know. I have no dislike to James Beresford. On the contrary, we are old friends; we were boys together. I did my best to shelter him from any reproach at the time. Every thing I could do I did, and I think I succeeded. Perhaps now, when one comes to reflect, it would have been better if I had not succeeded so well. But I could not stand by and see him ruined, see his peace of mind destroyed."

"Are you talking of Mr. Beresford? Have you lost your senses, doctor? what do you mean?"

"You remember all that happened when Mrs. Beresford died?"

"I remember—oh yes—poor Annie! how she suffered, poor soul! and how truly he mourned for her—how heart-broken he was!"

"He had occasion," said the doctor, grimly.

"Had occasion! I can not imagine what you mean—there was never a better husband," said Mrs. Meredith, with some fervor; "never one who loved a woman better, or was more tender with her."

"Too tender. I am not saying that I condemn him absolutely. There are cases in which in one's heart one might approve. Perhaps his was one of these cases; but anyhow, Mrs. Meredith, you ought to know."

She got impatient, for she too had the feeling that to see her friend's faults herself was one thing, but to have him found fault with quite another. "I should have thought that I knew Mr. Beresford quite as well as you did, doctor," she said, trying to give a lighter tone to the conversation. "I have certainly seen a great deal more of him for all these years."

"You could not know this," said Mr. Maxwell, "nor would I have told you but for the extremity of the case. Listen! She might have lingered I can not tell how long—weeks, months—it was even possible years."

"Yes!" the assent was no assent, but an exclamation of excitement and wonder.

"I believe he meant it for the best. She was mad about having something given to her to put her out of her misery as soon as we knew that she was past hope. Mrs. Meredith, I feel bound to tell you—when you know you can judge for yourself. He must have given her something that day after the consultation. It is no use mincing words—he must have given her—her death."

"Doctor! do you know what you are saying?" She rose up from her chair, then sank back in it, looking as if she were about to faint.

"I know too well what I am saying. I huddled it up that there might be no inquiry. I don't doubt she insisted upon it, and I don't blame him. No, I should not have had the courage to do it, but I don't blame him—altogether. It is a very difficult question. But you ought not to marry him—to be allowed to marry him in ignorance."

She made no answer. The shock came upon her with all the more force that her mind was already weakened by anxiety. Given her her death! what did that mean? Did it mean that he had killed poor Annie, this man who was her dearest friend? A shiver shook all her frame. "I think you must be wrong. I hope you are wrong," she said. It was all she could do to keep her teeth from chattering. The sudden horror chilled and froze her. "Oh, Mr. Maxwell, he never could have done it! No, no, I will never believe it," she said.

"But I know it," said the doctor; "there could be no doubt of it; I could not have been deceived, and it was no crime in my eyes. He did it in love and kindness—he did it to serve her. But still no woman should marry him, without knowing at least—"

"There was never any question of that," she said, hurriedly, in the commotion of her mind. Then it seemed cowardly of her to forsake him. She paused. "He is worthy of any woman's confidence. I will not hear a word against him. He did not do it. I am sure he did not do it! or, if he did, he was not to blame."

The words had not left her lips when the door was opened, and the subject of this strange conversation, Mr. Beresford himself, came into the room. They were both too agitated for concealment. She looked at the doctor with sudden terror. She was afraid of a quarrel, as women so often are. But Maxwell himself was too much moved to make any pretenses. He rose up suddenly, with an involuntary start; but he was shaken out of ordinary caution by the excitement of what he had done. He went up to the new-comer, who regarded him with quiet surprise, without any salutation or form of politeness. "Beresford," he said, "I will not deceive you. I have been telling her what it is right she should know. I don't judge you; I don't condemn you; but whatever happens, she has a right to know."

It is one of the penalties or privileges of excitement that it ignores ignorance, so to speak, and expects all the world to understand its position at a glance. James Beresford gazed with calm though quiet astonishment upon the man who advanced to meet him with tragedy in his tone. "What is the matter?" he said, with the simplicity of surprise. Then, seeing how pale Mrs. Meredith was, he went on, with some anxiety, "not any thing wrong with Oswald? I trust not that?"

Mrs. Meredith stirred in her chair, and held out her hand to him. She could not rise. She looked at him with an agitated smile. "I put perfect faith in you—perfect faith," she said, "notwithstanding what any one may say."

"In me!" he said, looking from one to another. He could not imagine what they meant.

"Beresford," said Maxwell again, "I will not hide it from you. It has been in my mind all this time. I have never been able to look upon you as I did before; at a crisis like this I could hold my tongue no longer. I have been telling all that happened at the death of your first poor wife."

"My *first—!*" the exclamation was under his breath, and Maxwell thought he was overcome with horror by the recollection; but that was not what he was thinking of—his first wife!—there was something sickening in the words. Was this his Annie that was meant? It seemed profanation, sacrilege. He heard nothing but that word. Maxwell did not understand him, but there was another who did. The doctor went on.

"I have never said a word about it till this day, and never would but for what was coming. You know that I took the responsibility, and kept you free from question at the time."

"What does he mean?" This question, after a wondering gaze at the other, Beresford addressed to Mrs. Meredith behind him. "All this is a puzzle to me, and not a pleasant one; what does he mean?"

"This is too much," said the doctor. "Be a man, and stand to it now at least. I have not blamed you, though I would not have done it myself. I have told her that you consented—to what, I have no doubt, was poor Mrs. Beresford's prayer—and gave her—her death—"

"I—gave her her death! You are mad, Maxwell! I, who would have died a dozen times over to save her!"

"There is no inconsistency in that. You could not save her, and you gave her—what? I never inquired. Anyhow, it killed her, poor girl! It was what she wanted. Am I blaming you? But, James Beresford, whatever may have been in the past, it is your duty to be open now, and she ought to know."

"My God, will you not listen to me?" cried Beresford, driven to despair. He had tried to stop him, to interrupt him, but in vain. Maxwell had only spoken out louder and stronger. He had determined to do it. He was absolutely without doubts on the matter, and he was resolute not to be silenced. "She ought to know," he went on saying under his breath to himself.

"But it is not true. It is an invention, it is a mistake. *I* do any thing against her dear life! Even in suffering, even in misery, was she not every thing to me?"

"That is all very well to say. You did it in love, not in hatred, I acknowledge that. Beresford, no one here will betray you. Why not be bold, and own to what you did? I could not be deceived; it was from your hand and no other your wife got her death. How could I, her doctor, be deceived?"

"Dr. Maxwell," said a low voice from the door, and they all started with a violent shock, as if it had been Annie Beresford herself come back from the grave. Mrs. Meredith rose hastily, and went toward this strange apparition. It was Cara, with cheeks perfectly colorless, with blue eyes dilated, standing as she had entered, transfixed by those terrible words. But the girl took no notice of her friend's rush toward her. She put out her hand to put Mrs. Meredith away, and kept her eyes fixed on the doctor, as if there was no one else in the room.

"Dr. Maxwell," said Cara, her young bosom heaving, "I have come just in time. You are making a great, great mistake, for that is not true."

"Cara, child, go away, go away; I never meant this for you."

"No one knows but me," she said; "I was in the room all the time. I have never forgotten one thing, nor a word she said. She wanted him to do it, but he would not. He rushed away. I did not understand then what it meant."

The girl stood trembling, without any support, so slight, so young, so fragile, with her pale face. Her father had scarcely thought of Cara before since she was the plaything of his younger life. All at once his eyes seemed to be opened, and his heart. He went to her by an irresistible impulse, and put his arm round her. Love seemed to come to life in him with very terror of what he was about to hear.

"It was not you!" he said, with a low cry of anguish—"it was not you!"

"She would not let me," said Cara. "I asked to do it, but she would not let me. She looked up—to God," cried the girl, the tears rushing to her eyes, "and took it. Did not He know every thing? *You* would not be angry, papa, you would not cast me away, if I had taken something to get free of pain? Would He? He was her father, too."

"Oh, Cara, no one blames her—no one blames her!" said Mrs. Meredith, with unrestrained tears.

"She looked up to God," said the girl, with her voice full of awe. "She said I was to tell you; but I did not understand what it meant then, and afterward I could not speak. It has always seemed to stand between us, papa, that I had this to tell you, and could not speak."

"My child," said the father, his lips trembling, "it has been my fault; but nothing shall stand between us any more."

The two others looked on for a moment with conflicting feelings; Mrs. Meredith looked at them with generous tears and satisfaction, yet with a faint pang. *That* was over now. She had always intended it should end thus; but yet for the moment, such is the strange constitution of the heart, it gave her a passing pang. As for the doctor, he gathered his gloves and his hat together with great confusion. He had made a fool of himself. Whatever the others might do, how could he contemplate this solemn disclosure he had come to make, which had been turned into the officious interference of a busybody? He took no leave of any one; but when they were all engaged with each other made a bolt for the door of the back drawing-room, and got out, very red, very uncomfortable, and full of self-disgust. He was touched too by the scene which had been so unexpectedly brought before him, and felt tears, very unusual to him, tingling in the corners of his eyes. He met Edward on the stairs; but Edward was too much preoccupied to observe how Maxwell was looking.

"Do you know," he said, "if Miss Beresford is in the drawing-room? There is a gentleman waiting for her down stairs."

"If you mean Cara," said the doctor, "she is there, and the mistress of the situation, I can tell you. Oh, never mind; I can let myself out. You'll find them all there."

Edward stared a little, but went on to deliver his message. "I hope I am not disturbing any one," he said, in the formal manner which he had put on; "but there is some one, very impatient, waiting for Miss Beresford—I mean Cara," he added, half ashamed of himself, "down stairs."

Cara roused herself from her father's arm. It revived her more than any thing else to see that Edward was turning away again to leave the room. She shook the tears from her eyes, and roused herself into sudden energy. "That was why I came," she said. "Oh, Mrs. Meredith, where is Oswald? We must find him, or they will all break their hearts."

"Who—you, Cara, my darling? no one shall break your heart."

"No, no," she cried, with a little start of impatience. "It is time this was over. He never would tell you the truth. Oh, we must find him, wherever he is, for Agnes has gone too."

They all gathered about with looks of wonder, Edward making but one step from the door where he stood. His countenance gleamed over with a sudden light; he put out his hands to her unawares.

"Agnes—who is Agnes?" said Mrs. Meredith. "Oh, Cara, what does it all mean? I know nothing about him—where he is. He was to come back to-day."

"Agnes is Agnes Burchell," said Cara. "He has been telling me of her all this time. He has been spending his whole time going after her. And she is gone too, and it is her father who is down stairs. Oh, think how we can find them! Her father is very anxious. Oswald should not have done it," said Cara, with the solemnity of her age. "I always begged him, and he always promised, to ask you to go."

"This is extraordinary news," said Mrs. Meredith, dropping into the nearest chair. She was trembling with this renewed agitation. "And you knew it, Cara; you have been his confidante? Oh, what a strange mistake we have all made!"

"It was not my fault," said Cara, softly. She gave a furtive glance at Edward as she spoke, and his mother looked at him too. Edward's countenance was transformed, his eyes were lit up, smiles trembling like an illumination over his face. Mrs. Meredith's heart gave a leap in her motherly bosom. She might have been wounded that it was none of her doing; but she was too generous for so poor a thought. He will not go to India now, she said to herself in her heart. The pang which Cara had given her unwittingly was nothing to the compensation thus received from her equally unconscious hands.

[to be continued.]

THE LOCUST IN THE WESTERN TERRITORIES.

Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., secretary of the United States Entomological Commission, has just returned from an extended trip through portions of Colorado, Wyoming, Northern Utah, Eastern Idaho, Central and Eastern Montana, and through Dakota. He reports that fifty per cent. of locust eggs in Colorado, about Denver and Greeley, were destroyed by parasites, according to the experience of Mr. A. H. Arnett, of Morrison, and Mr. Max Clark, of Greeley. Though large numbers hatched out in the spring, the heavy, late rains, the extreme cold, the fall of snow for three days at the end of April, killed the young, so that few were left, except in small areas about Greeley and Longmont. The young died from apparently the same causes as in Kansas and Nebraska, *i. e.*, extreme wet and cold weather. In the fall of 1876 eggs were laid in profusion in Colorado, and the farmers expected to have the "worst fight yet" with the locusts. May 29 and 30, a large swarm flew over Julesburg, Colorado, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and were seen seventeen miles west of that point by Mr. Joseph Ramsay, of Greeley. These flew from the south, probably from Texas.

In Wyoming, locusts were reported as hatching out from a point fifty miles north of Laramie City to Custer. Light swarms from this region and the Black Hills may be expected in Colorado.

In Utah, Cache and Malade valleys were badly infested. About Franklin, Utah, one-third of the wheat crop was reported as devoured by them. The winged locusts were beginning to fly June 11. These locusts will probably migrate to Middle and Southern Utah.

Though numerous about Farmington, Utah, on the shores of Salt Lake, little injury was done, as the season was late, wet, and cold, and hatching was much later than usual.

In Idaho, scattered broods of young were seen along the stage-road from Franklin to Pleasant Valley, but none were seen in Montana from the southern borders of the Territory through the central parts as far north as Fort Benton, nor along the Missouri River to the eastern border of the Territory. A few hatched out in Bitter Root Valley, doing some damage, and locusts were reported to have hatched out on the Yellowstone River at and near Baker's Battle Ground, *i. e.*, on the north shore of the river between Clark's Fork and Froze-to-Death Creek. None were seen or reported from the valleys of the Sun River and the Upper Missouri, and none in the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson valleys. From reliable information received at Fort Benton, there were no young locusts this spring in the Marias or Milk River valleys, or in the region northward toward the South Saskatchewan River. None were seen by parties who had just returned from Wood Mountain, Sitting Bull's camp, sixty miles north of the United States boundary line. Locusts hatched out in February at Fort M'Leod, on the South Saskatchewan River, but were killed by the unfavorable weather. Along the Missouri River and the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad no young locusts were seen, and it is probable that few locusts developed in Dakota this season, unless in the eastern portions. Light swarms, however, were seen flying from the east at Fort Peck as early as June 18, also at Wolf Point, on the Missouri, and at Bismarck, June 21, and a few were seen at about the same date at Jamestown, Dakota. These apparently came from Minnesota and Iowa. If so, it shows (coupled with the fact of the Texan swarms observed in Colorado) that the return westward migrations of the locust from the border States extend to the base of the Rocky Mountains, from Colorado to the United States northern boundary line. It results from these observations that over an immense area in the Northwest, supposed to have furnished the swarms which have hitherto devastated Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Minnesota, owing to the wet, cool, backward weather this spring there were no young locusts developed, if many hatched. Should the present exceptionally cool and wet season be followed by a similar one in 1878, it may be reasonably expected that the border States will not be invaded to an alarming extent next year. It also appears somewhat doubtful whether extensive swarms will invade the border States of Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri this summer and fall, though light swarms may possibly fly east from the Black Hills and Yellowstone region. But absolute predictions can not be made, and it would be unwise to hazard an opinion except as to probabilities.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 12.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 26.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The Presbyterian Alliance in Edinburgh, despite the carefulness of its managers, did not escape a discussion of the validity of the received doctrinal confessions. Even a new confession, formulated by Professor Krapf, of Germany, and containing thirty-nine articles, was offered. In his essay on the Harmony of the Reformed Creeds, Dr. Schaff had said that "every age must produce its own theology." The natural inference from this proposition was immediately drawn by Dr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, who said "they did not, therefore, accept the decisions of the sixteenth century as absolutely binding upon all times in the precise form in which they were given." Mr. Taylor Inness went farther, and offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee to obtain information as to existing creeds and forms of subscription. Dr. Begg, the famous conservative leader, expressed the opinion that the "theology of the world had been the same since the days of Eden." This view found no acceptance, and the resolution for a committee was unanimously adopted. When, however, it was proposed to place Principal Tulloch, who is considered liberal in theology, on the committee, quite a lively scene occurred. Finally his name was withdrawn. Freedom of thinking was again shown in the debate on the "Underlying Principles of Unbelief." Dr. Patton, of Chicago, is reported in the *Christian World* as saying that "confessions—especially the Westminster Confession—were written as a guide against the errors of the time, and were therefore defective and inapplicable at the present time." Dr. M'Cosh remarked, "with respect to the modern theory of development, that religious men were only injuring their cause when they denied it." Professor Flint expressed the opinion that "nothing but harm could come from violent personal attacks or imputations of unworthy motives upon such men as Herbert Spencer and Professors Huxley and Tyndall." These partial reports show that the representatives of the Presbyterianism of the world, though in accord upon fundamentals, are disposed to do their own thinking.

The Women's Temperance Conference, at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, which began July 18, has gone on very prosperously. The number on the ground, most of whom are in daily attendance upon the services, is estimated at 8000. Mrs. Wittemeyer has presided. All, or nearly all of the addresses have been made by women, many of them well known as successful temperance lecturers. On the 20th, an address was delivered by Francis Murphy, who pleaded for a loving treatment of intemperate men. On Wednesday, the 25th, a resolution was adopted requesting the "International Sunday-school Lesson Committee that they prepare one lesson each quarter upon the subject of temperance, that the children may be taught what the Word of God says upon this subject."

As showing the fruit of Mr. Moody's Tabernacle meetings in Boston, the *Journal* of that city has compiled a table of the accessions to the churches of New England at the May and July communion services. The total number received by 203 churches was 5911—4869 by profession and 1042 by letter.

Rome is troubled by a "great scandal." The Countess Lambertini has brought suit for the succession to the property of Cardinal Antonelli, amounting to $8,000,000. She claims to be his natural daughter by an English lady of rank. Her alleged mother is still living; three witnesses also, it is said, will establish the countess's claim. The case is in the hands of eminent lawyers, and has already been brought before the Roman Civil Court. It will be remembered that Cardinal Antonelli left the bulk of his property to his three brothers.

They are not afraid of the Bible in the public schools of London, nor have they construed an undenominational system as exclusive of Biblical instruction. Four thousand Bibles were recently bestowed upon pupils under the care of the London School Board as prizes for proficiency in the study of the Scriptures. Lord Sandon, who distributed the prizes, commended the work of the board highly, saying that he thought there could hardly be a better system of religious instruction than that laid down by them. Out of 150,000 children, 80,000 had voluntarily come up for examination in Scripture knowledge. One child in a thousand only had been withdrawn from religious instruction by the parents. The prizes were given by Mr. F. Peek and the Religious Tract Society.

In England the temperance reform has taken, to some extent, the practical shape of establishing coffee-houses. Reference has already been made to the coffee or cocoa houses of Liverpool in this column. Recently the Lord Chancellor took part in the opening of such a house in London. In Liverpool twenty-four have been established, with receipts amounting to £36,000 annually.

Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of Lincoln, has in a letter reproved one of his clergy for forwarding to him a petition in favor of the use of unfermented wine at the Holy Communion. The bishop is severe on the petitioners, and says that "in their present frame of mind they are not fit to receive the sacrament at all, as in their pharisaic self-conceit they set up their private opinions against the universal practice of 1800 years." The Bishop of Lincoln always *will* use strong language.

The London Young Men's Christian Association has 184 branches in England and Wales, with 16,700 active members. Five of their branch buildings have cost the following sums: Edinburgh, £17,000; Dundee, £10,000; Birmingham, £7500; Liverpool, £20,000; Manchester, £45,000. At a recent Conference the means of giving the work of the Association a broader scope were much discussed.

The debate on the Burials Bill in the English Parliament makes the statistics of parish churchyards very opportune. There are in England and Wales, now open, 13,177 burial-places in which only the state Church service can be used. There are 5005 places in which a deceased person not a member of the state Church can be buried by his own minister. There are in England 17,862 Dissenting places of worship, and in Wales 2628, making a total of 20,490. Most of the unconsecrated cemeteries pertain to large towns.

In the recent debate in the British Parliament on the Universities Bill, Mr. Goschen's amendment, to wit, "The Commissioners, in statutes made by them for a college, shall provide that the entering into or being in holy orders shall not be a condition of the holding of any headship or fellowship," was lost by a vote of 147 to 138.

A new organization for the promotion of the unity of Christendom has appeared. It is styled "The Order of Corporate Reunion," and its distinct aim is to combine the Oriental and Western Churches. A meeting of this order will be held in London, September 8, when its plans of operation will be unfolded.

At the Missionary Conference held at Shanghai during the month of May, it was stated that all the money collected from merchants in China for the relief of the famine in the northern provinces, and much of that given by Chinese, had passed through the hands of missionaries. One missionary was at that time supplying the daily wants of 20,000 persons, and another the wants of 15,000.

The circulation of religious periodicals among children has attained unprecedented proportions. The *Sunday-school Advocate*, the Methodist Episcopal children's paper, reached in 1876 a maximum of 365,329 copies; the *Sunday-school Journal* (monthly), a maximum of 121,000; and the *Berean Lesson Leaf*, also monthly, a maximum of 1,200,000 copies. The three periodicals circulated in the entire year 21,300,000 copies. These publications are issued by the Methodist Sunday-school Union, which has under its supervision 19,473 Sunday-schools. The recently issued Year-Book of the Union reports for the past year $13,500 expended in benevolent work.

The appearance of the *Priest in Absolution*, already noticed in this Intelligence, has led to important proceedings on the part of the English bishops and the Lower House of Convocation of the province of Canterbury. The members of the "Society of the Holy Cross" having been called upon by the archbishop to explain their connection with the book, adopted a resolution affirming that the criticisms made upon it were unfair, but that, without implying any condemnation of its contents, they would, in deference to the archbishop's wishes, circulate no more copies. In reply, the bishops, sitting in Convocation, very promptly resolved that, in their opinion, the society had neither repudiated the book nor effectually withdrawn it from circulation, and that they strongly condemned "any doctrine or practice of confession which can be thought to render such a book necessary or expedient." They next referred the statutes of the society to a committee of all the bishops of the province, the report to be submitted to the president. The bishops also sent to the Lower House of Convocation their declaration, adopted July, 1873, in relation to confession. This was, after debate, approved in the Lower House by a vote of 62 to 6. It embraces two points: (1) That the Church of England knows no such words as "sacramental confession," but directs penitent men to confess to Almighty God. (2) That for the relief of those who can not quiet their consciences previously to partaking of the Communion, and of the sick whose consciences are troubled, the minister may hear confession. Habitual confession, and the requiring of confession by the minister, are emphatically condemned.

BLACKBERRIES AND KISSES.

Blackberries! ripe blackberries!
  Will you come and see?
Over all the woods and lanes
  They are running free.
Blackberries! ripe blackberries!
  Will you come and eat?
Nature bids you to the feast,
  Spreads the wild, free treat.

Bob White and Bob-a-Linkum,
  With their ladies fair,
Robin Red and Cardinal,
  Are already there.
Jenny Wren and every bird
  One would wish to see,
Famed for beauty, love, or song,
  Join the company.

Sing and eat, and eat and sing,
  While the children shout;
And fond lovers 'mong the vines
  Wander in and out—
Wander slowly, stooping low,
  Lest the fruit they miss:
Ah! I wonder which is sweetest,
  Berries, or a kiss?

"Which is sweetest, merry Robin?
  Tell me which is best."
And he warbled, "Blackberries!
  Berries for my nest."
"Which is sweetest, happy lovers,
  Happy as you sigh?"
Laughing low, they answered me,
  "You had better try."

"Children, who in purple juice
  Dye your finger-tips,
Purple are your garments dyed,
  Purple are your lips.
Through the woods and lanes and fields
  Each a welcome guest,
Can you answer what I ask?"
  "Blackberries are best!"

"Blackberries, of course, are best;
  Who would kisses want?"
Said a sturdy, laughing lad,
  Brown and confidant.
"Blackberries, of course, are best;
  What do you say, Grace?"
And the little lass replied,
  "That's, of course, the case!"

But above them sang a bird
  In a mocking tongue,
"Wait a little longer, dears,
  You are rather young.
Birds who know a thing or two
  Well may tell you this—
Blackberries are very good,
  Flavored with a kiss."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A learned sergeant was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client, the etiquette of the profession requiring that his fee should be in gold. "I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you do not call that disgracing the profession."

"Postal-card proposals!" exclaimed a haughty young miss, reading over the government advertisements; "well, I never! If a fellow hasn't stamps enough to send his proposal in a letter, he hasn't stamps enough to marry me."

The misery of the young man who courts a sparkling fashionable belle and loses her, is only excelled by the misery of the man who courts her and wins her.

SLIGHT MISTAKE AT A CHRISTENING.

Clergyman (*who has forgotten the day of the month*). "Let me see, this is the—ah—the thirtieth, I believe?"

Fond Mother (*not catching the idea exactly, but thinking of her family*). "Why, bless me, no; this is only the eleventh."

A negro being asked what he was in jail for, said it was for borrowing money. "But," said the questioner, "they don't put people in jail for borrowing money." "Yes," said the darky, "but I had to knock the man down free or fo' times before he would lend it to me."

"What gender is sugar?" asked a teacher of the grammar class. "What kind of sugar?" asked a boy. "What kind?" repeated the teacher. "What has that to do with it?" "Why, if it's maple sugar it's feminine gender," said the boy. "Why feminine gender?" asked the teacher, with a puzzled face. "Because you can't tell its age," promptly replied the boy.

Talleyrand was bored for his autograph by a dull English nobleman. At last he sent the following invitation:

"Dear Lord ——,—Will you oblige me by your company to dinner on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever people, and I do not like to be the only fool among them."

A Londoner, seeing an advertisement headed, "American Steam Safe Company," remarked that he was glad the Americans had made steam safe company.

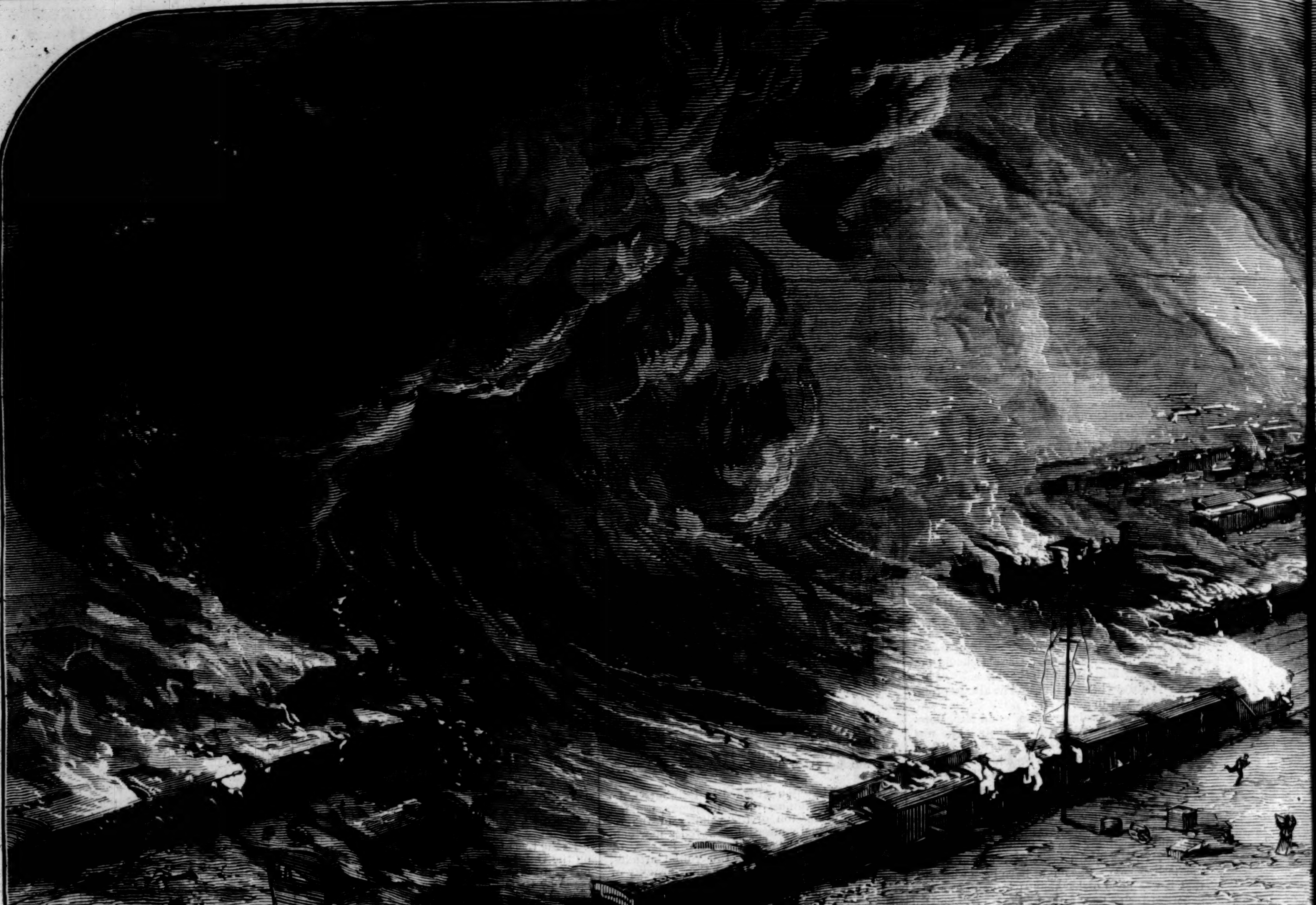
"Why did you name that old horse Napoleon?" asked a gentleman of a negro, whose horse was almost reduced to a skeleton. "Why, marse, you see, it's caze the bony part is so strong in him," was the ready reply.

A strong-minded woman was heard to remark, the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him.

When is a parson like a postman?—When his delivery pleases you.

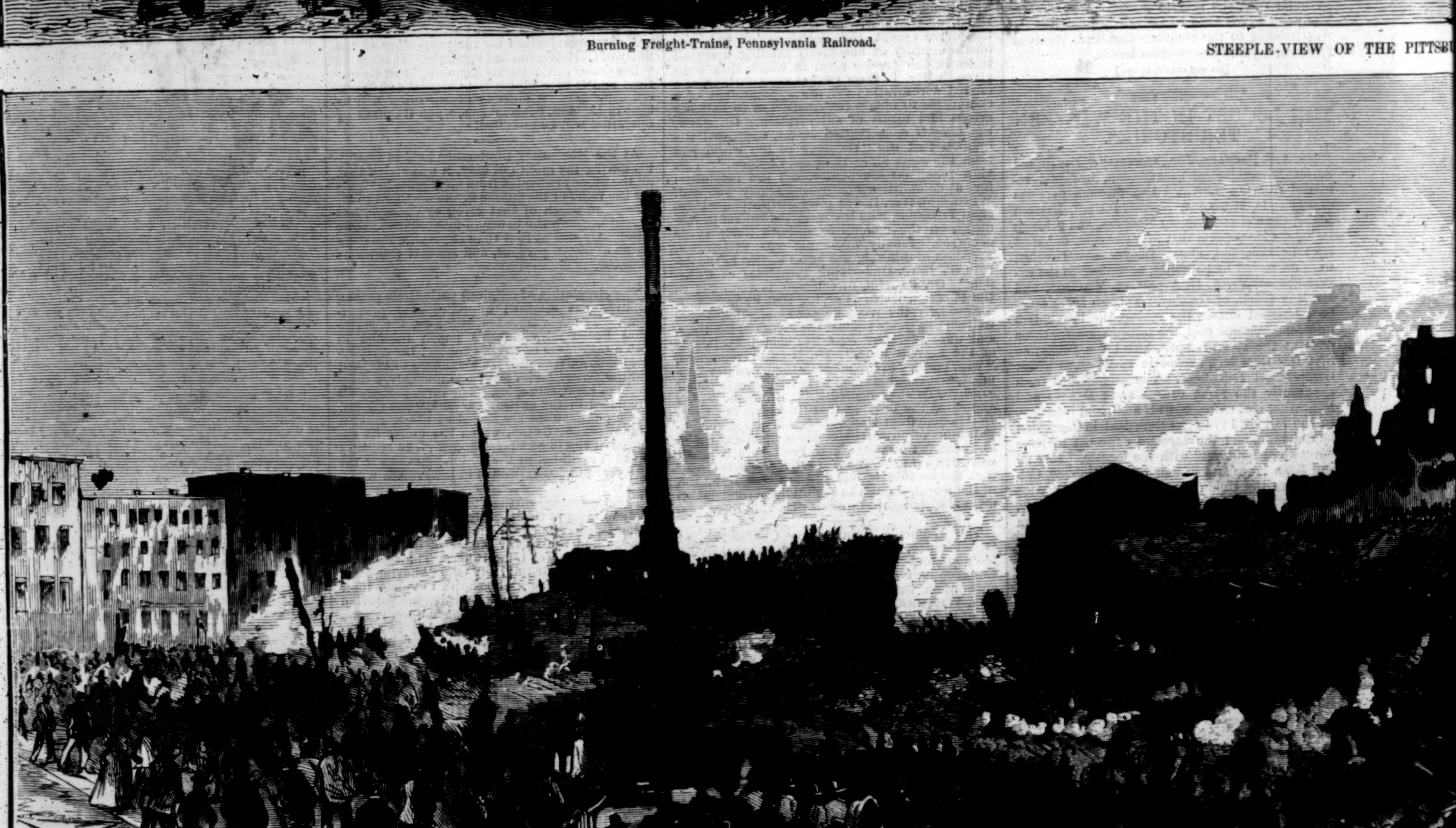
An old gentleman who had dabbled all his life in statistics says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

During a debate which took place some time ago in a Scottish town council on a question where much diversity of opinion prevailed, a bailie, among other reasons in support of the measure, stated that it would be of immense benefit to posterity. On hearing this, the provost, who headed the opposition, got up and said, "I'm really surprised to hear ony man bring forward sic an argument. What reason hae we to sacrifice oursels for the gude o' posterity? Point oot," he continued, striking the table, and looking triumphantly at his opponent—"point oot ae single instance whaur posterity has ever been o' the least benefit to us."



Burning Freight-Trains, Pennsylvania Railroad.

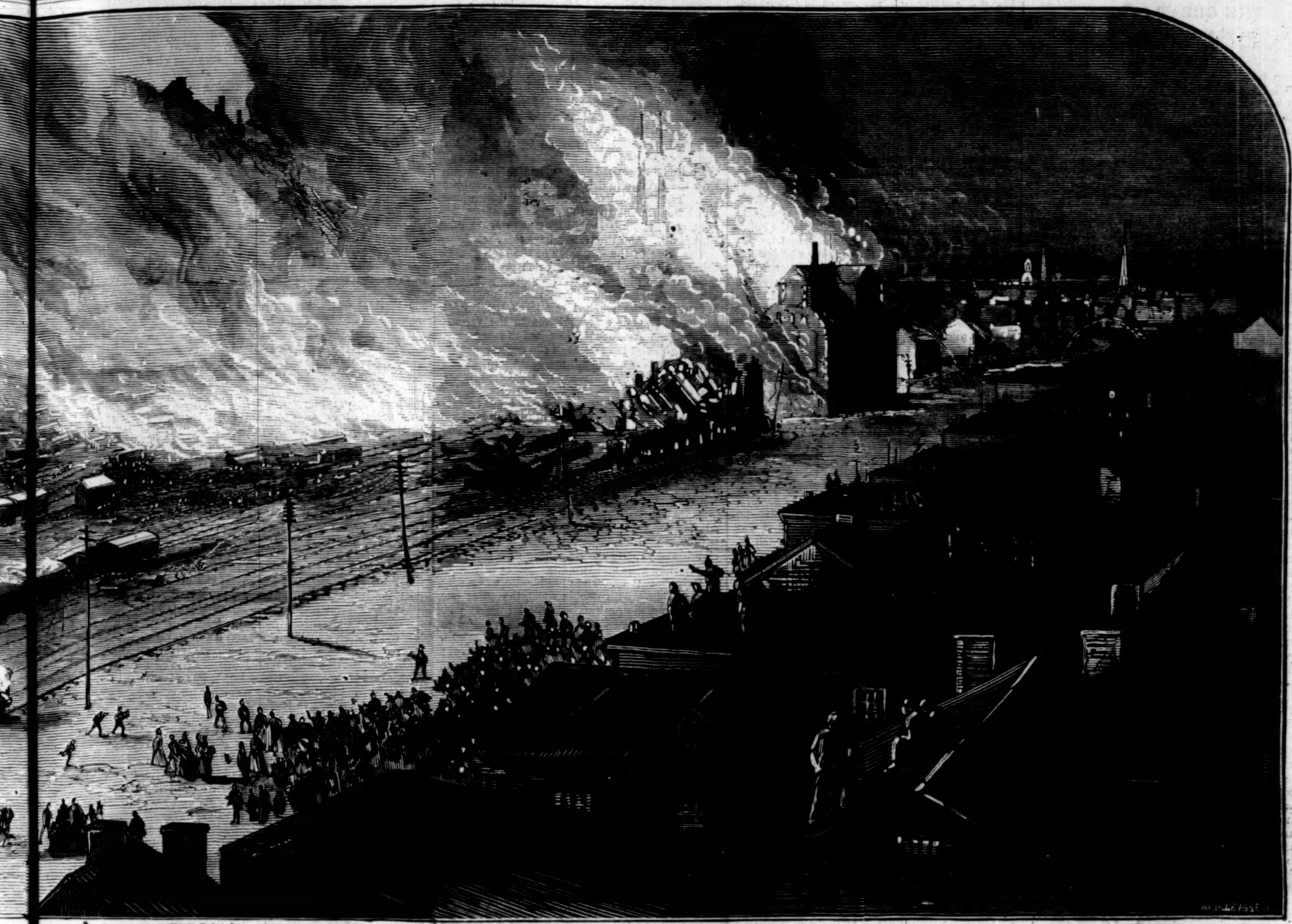
STEEPLE-VIEW OF THE PITTSB



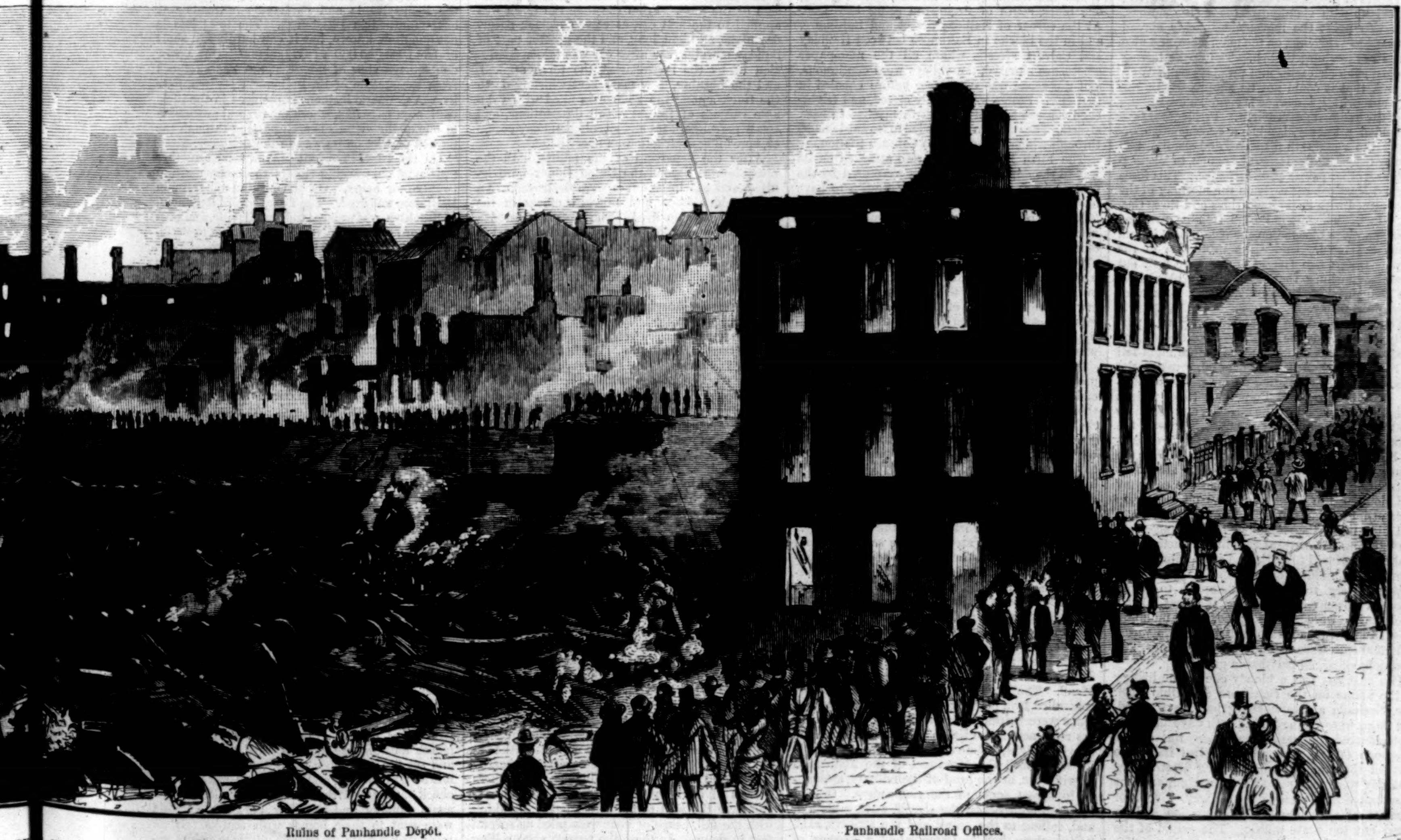
Elevator. Union Dépôt. Ruins of Adams Express Freight Buildings.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RU

THE GREAT STRIKE—THE WORK OF DESTRUCTION IN PITTSBURGH—THE WALL OF FIRE AND T


High School.
Union Dépôt.
Grain Elevator.
City Hall.
Trinity Church.

TTSBU GH CONFLAGRATION.


Ruins of Panhandle Dépôt.
Panhandle Railroad Offices.

E. RU OF THE BURNED DISTRICT.

D T E SCENE OF DESOLATION.—Drawn from Sketches by M. B. Leisser and J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 626.]

THE GREAT STRIKE.

The reign of terror inaugurated by the railroad strikers in Baltimore on the morning of the 16th of July, is unexampled in the history of strikes in this country. Scenes of riot and bloodshed accompanied it such as we have never before witnessed in the uprising of labor against capital. Commerce has been obstructed, industries have been paralyzed, hundreds of lives sacrificed, and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed by lawless mobs. The story of theft and fire and slaughter is but imperfectly told in the brief space at our command, but the illustrations by our artists present a pictorial view of the chief scenes in this terrific conflict, more vivid and striking than any thing that could be conveyed in mere words.

The origin of the first outbreak, as stated in our news column of last week, was the refusal of the firemen and brakemen on the freight trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to submit to a further reduction of ten per cent. from their wages. On the morning of July 16 forty men in Baltimore left their trains and joined in a strike. As soon as this became known there was an immense number of applicants for the vacant positions, and the company had no difficulty in filling vacancies, generally with experienced men who had been for some time out of employment. But the strikers would not permit them to work. Assembling at Camden Junction, about three miles from the city, they stopped the trains, and refused to allow them to to be run either way. The news spread with the rapidity of lightning, and soon the disaffection had reached Martinsburg, West Virginia. The men at that point, numbering about 100, left their trains in the evening, and forcibly prevented new hands from starting the cars. The railroad company appealed to the Governor of West Virginia for help, and in response seventy-five men of the Berkeley Light Infantry Guards, under command of Colonel Faulkner, were sent the next morning to Martinsburg. Here the first conflict with the military took place. Captain Faulkner's company was deployed on both sides of a train which was about starting, an engineer and fireman having volunteered to work. As the train reached the switch, one of the strikers, William Vandergrift, seized the switch ball to run the train on the side track. John Poisal, a member of the militia company, jumped from the pilot of the engine and attempted to replace the switch. Vandergriff fired two shots at Poisal, one causing a slight flesh-wound on the side of the head. Poisal returned the fire, shooting Vandergriff through the hip. Several other shots were fired at Vandergriff, striking him on the head and arm. When the firing was heard, a very large crowd of railroaders and citizens collected, and the feeling became intense. The volunteering engineer and fireman of the train ran off as soon as the shooting began. Captain Faulkner then made the statement that he had performed his duty, and if the trainmen deserted their posts, he could do nothing more. The militia company was therefore marched to their armory and ingloriously disbanded, leaving the rioters in possession of the field, and the road blocked up with standing trains on the sidings. From this point the movement quickly spread westward to Wheeling, on the main stem, and also on the Parkersburg branch. The strike having assumed such character and proportions in West Virginia that it could not be suppressed by the State authorities, Governor Matthews evoked the aid of the national government. President Hayes responded promptly, issuing a proclamation ordering the rioters to disperse, and sending 250 regular troops, under General French, to Martinsburg and other points of disturbance. This force reached Martinsburg early on the morning of the 19th, armed with Springfield rifles and three Gatling guns. They found 1500 freight cars and 73 locomotives blocked on the side tracks in and about the town. Under the protection of the regular troops two freight trains were sent out from Martinsburg that day without bloodshed, one going east and the other west. Both went through in safety.

Thus the blockade at Martinsburg was partially relieved, but the strike was not ended. Indeed, it was barely begun; and before night-fall of the 19th it had become general, crossing the Ohio River, and extending as far west as Chicago. At Newark and Columbus, Ohio, freight trains were stopped by the strikers, and the wires west of Martinsburg were cut. Nor was the strike confined to one great road and its extended branches. On the morning of the 19th, the Pennsylvania Railroad freight men struck at Pittsburg, giving as a reason that the company had doubled the number of cars on each train without increasing the number of the crew, and had also more than doubled the distance. At the morning call several freight conductors and brakemen refused to work, and assembling, to the number of a hundred or more in the freight yard, stopped every train that attempted to move. About a dozen cattle trains at the East Liberty stock yards were also stopped. At midnight fully 1400 men had gathered in the two yards, and 1500 cars were standing on the sidings, 200 of which contained perishable goods.

The next day was a bloody one in the history of the strike on the Baltimore and Ohio road. The blockade at Martinsburg had been raised, and trains were again running both ways under the protection of the national troops. But on the afternoon of the 20th, word reached Baltimore that all the freight trains leaving Martinsburg that day were stopped at Cumberland, and the crews taken from them by the strikers. Governor Carroll at once issued a proclamation and ordered out the State militia. The sound of the fire-bells summoning the men to their amories created the wildest excitement. Baltimore and other streets of the city had been crowded during the day with throngs of citizens, anxiously watching the bulletin-boards at the different newspaper offices and discussing the situation. As the alarm pealed forth, the crowds made their way toward the armories of the different regiments. That of the Sixth is at Front and Fayette streets, and in a neighborhood which is inhabited by the poorer classes, and much of the rough element frequents it. Within half an hour after the call had been sounded, a crowd numbering at least 2000 men, women, and children surrounded the armory and loudly expressed their feelings against the military and in favor of the strikers. At half past seven the streets leading to the armory were crowded with a struggling, shouting, and cursing mob. The sight of a man in uniform endeavoring to get into the building was the signal for an outbreak, and he was rushed upon, seized, and thrown over a bridge into Jones's Falls—a stream which runs through that section of the city. Others were thrown over the heads of the surging mass, and were glad to escape with slight injuries. At this juncture some one threw a brick at the soldier on guard at the door of the armory. This was a signal for a perfect shower of missiles, which soon destroyed the windows and doors of the building and injured some of the men. It was suggested by some of the officers that a bayonet charge would compel the mob to retire, but the suggestion was not acted upon by the colonel, who ordered the guards withdrawn from the door, under the impression that it would serve to quiet the mob.

On the contrary, this action was received with shouts of derision and triumph by the crowd, who continued to hurl bricks and stones and fire pistols at the doors and windows of the armory. The whole available police force of the district was promptly concentrated at this spot, but was utterly powerless to quell the tumult, which increased each moment. At 8.15 P.M. the preliminaries for leaving the armory were concluded, and Colonel Peters decided to march his command to Camden Station, where they had been ordered to report by General Herbert. The men were each supplied with twenty rounds of cartridges, and armed with breech-loading Springfield rifles. They numbered about one hundred and fifty men, and marched out with loaded pieces. The only means of exit was by a door which only admitted of their passing out by twos. As they reached this door the order was given, "Stoop down, boys!" which had hardly been uttered when their appearance was greeted with a renewed shower of missiles, interspersed with shots from revolvers and other small-arms. At first the citizen soldiery wavered, but promptly responding to the commands of their officers, they marched solidly out into the street, pressing before them the shouting, infuriated mob. As they filed in a westerly direction across the bridge over Jones's Falls, the crowd pressed upon them, and continued to assail them. The sight of one of their number stricken down with a paving-stone caused some of the members of the regiment to fire into the crowd. The first volley consisted of but a few straggling shots, but had the effect of causing the crowd to fall back toward Gay Street. At the corner of Gay and Front streets shots were again exchanged. When the troops turned into Baltimore Street, one block south of Front, the firing increased. At the corner of Halliday Street and Baltimore, and in the blocks in Baltimore between Halliday and Calvert streets, where all the newspaper offices are situated, the volleys were continuous, and the scene was one never before equaled in that city. Stores were hastily closed, and frightened citizens speedily betook themselves to back streets. The regiment proceeded to Howard Street, through which it marched to Camden Station.

The Fifth Regiment was also attacked on its way to the dépôt, but no shots were fired by the soldiers in return. The number known to have been killed by the fire of the Sixth Regiment was nine, and many were wounded, some of whom were innocent spectators who had joined the crowd to see what was going on. At about ten o'clock at night the rioters at the Camden Station, where the two regiments were quartered, set fire to three cars attached to an engine, and soon afterward the south end of the passenger platform was also seen to be on fire, but the firemen extinguished the flames before the main building was reached.

Meanwhile the situation at Pittsburgh had grown more desperate. The sheriff of the city endeavored to suppress the disorder; but his authority was defied, and call was made upon the State for help. Governor Hartranft issued a proclamation and ordered the military to support the sheriff. The arrival of the military served to increase the crowd, and the excitement grew in intensity. There was no violence offered, but the freight trains were not allowed to leave the city.

The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago firemen and brakemen struck on the same day, and so did the men on the Western and Buffalo divisions of the Erie road, extending from Hornellsville to Dunkirk and Buffalo. The strike occurred at Hornellsville. The firemen and brakemen quitted work in a body, and there were no relays to take their places. No trains were allowed to go either way.

The sixth and seventh days of the revolution, July 21 and 22, were the darkest and bloodiest of all. The city of Pittsburgh was completely controlled by a howling mob, whose deeds of violence were written in fire and blood. The strikers remained at the Union Dépôt all through the previous night, but no demonstrations were made by them until the afternoon of the 21st, when Sheriff Fife, at the head of the military, attempted to arrest some of the ringleaders. One of the mob approached the sheriff, waving his hat, and, calling to the crowd and the strikers, said, "Give them hell." Immediately a shower of stones was hurled into the troops, and one revolver-shot fired into the ranks. The soldiers returned the shots, and for three minutes a fire in all directions was kept up. There were no blanks, and the greatest havoc ensued. Sixteen of the crowd were killed and many wounded. The crowd fled in dismay, including the strikers, who sought shelter in every direction. Immediately after the firing, crowds of excited people sprang up as if by magic from all directions. Loud and deep were the imprecations against the Philadelphia troops, who were blamed by the strikers and the mob as being responsible for the trouble. Hundreds of people in no way connected with the railroad expressed their determination to join with the strikers in driving the soldiers from the city. These remarks were interspersed with loud and bitter threats that the company's shops, dépôts, and buildings should be laid in ashes that very night. And the rioters kept their word.

The news of the slaughter of the mob spread through the city like wild-fire, and produced the most intense excitement. The streets were rapidly crowded, and the wildest rumors prevailed. When the news reached the large number of rolling-mill hands and workmen in the various shops of the city, they were excited to frenzy, and by eight o'clock the streets of the central portion of the city were alive with them. A large crowd broke into the manufactory of the Great Western Gun-Works, and captured 200 rifles and a quantity of small-arms, and various other crowds sacked all the other places in the city where arms were exposed for sale, getting about 300 more. Among them were 1000 mill hands from Birmingham, on the south side. The different crowds consolidated and marched out to Twenty-eighth Street. In the mean time the strikers and the soldiers around the Union Dépôt had not been idle. At seven o'clock the Philadelphia troops, whose numbers had been swelled to over 800 men, withdrew into the large round-house at Twenty-eighth and Liberty streets, taking with them the two Gatling guns and two other pieces belonging to Breck's battery. The round-house was a very solid building, with double walls, the outer one of iron, and the position was the strongest possible one for the troops. The strikers began to assemble rapidly, many arriving with guns procured at the Alleghany armory. By midnight 20,000 people were upon the ground, 5000 of whom were armed men. The mob laid siege to the round-house in which the soldiers had taken refuge, and opened a brisk fire upon it, which was hotly returned by the troops. Finding, after a number of efforts, that they could not dislodge the soldiers by this means, the rioters resolved to burn them out. Accordingly, just before midnight, an oil train was fired, and run by the mob down the track and against the sand-house—a large building near the round-house. The former building caught fire and was destroyed, but the round-house was saved by the soldiers within, who played upon it from the railroad company's hydrants. The smoke of the burning oil nearly suffocated the soldiers, but they held their quarters until seven in the morning, when they vacated the building, and moved to Sharpsburg. On the way they were attacked by the rioters, and in the conflict numbers were killed on both sides. Once incendiarism was started, a new spirit of wanton destruction took possession of the mob. From the time the torch was applied to the first car, at eleven o'clock Saturday night, all night long, and the greater part of Sunday morning, car after car was taken possession of by the incendiaries, the torch applied, and the burning, fiery mass sent whirling down the track among the 2500 cars filled with valuable cargoes of freight of all descriptions, and costly passenger-cars and sleeping and day coaches, spreading destruction on every hand.

After the departure of the militia, both the round-houses beyond the Union Dépôt were ignited, and 125 locomotives were destroyed. All the machine-shops and railroad offices in the vicinity were also fired. The rioters planted a cannon in the streets near by, and threatened to blow in pieces any man who attempted to extinguish the flames. The firemen, thus intimidated, retired, and devoted themselves to saving private property only.

The scenes transpiring on Liberty Street, along the line of which the tracks of the railroad run on an elevation fifteen or twenty feet above the street, simply beggar description. While hundreds were engaged in firing the cars and making certain of the destruction of the valuable buildings at the outer dépôt, thousands of men, women, and children engaged in pillaging the cars. Men armed with heavy sledges, keeping ahead of the fire which was running west toward the Union Dépôt, broke open the cars, and threw the contents to the crowds below. The street was almost completely blockaded by persons laboring to carry off the plunder they had gathered together. In hundreds of instances wagons were pressed into service to enable thieves to get away with their goods. Some of the scenes, notwithstanding the terror which seemed to paralyze peaceable and orderly citizens, were ludicrous in the highest degree. Here a brawny woman could be seen hurrying away with pairs of white kid slippers under her arms; another, carrying an infant, would be rolling a barrel of flour along the sidewalk, using her feet as the propelling power; here a man pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with white lead. Boys hurried through the crowd with large-sized family Bibles as their share of the plunder, while scores of females utilized aprons and dresses to carry flour, eggs, dry-goods, etc. Bundles of umbrellas, fancy parasols, hams, bacon, leaf lard, calico, blankets, laces, and flour were mixed together in the arms of robust men, or carried on hastily constructed hand-barrows. In one place where barrels of flour had been rolled from the cars and over the wall to the street below, breaking with the fall, heaps of flour were piled up several feet in depth. In these the women were rolling and fighting in their eagerness to get all they could. In their greed they were not satisfied with aprons full, but, holding out the skirts of their dresses, they ploughed into the heaps till they had all they could carry; then staggered off, covered from head to feet with flour. Many of the plunderers pelted each other and every one else they could reach with stolen goods. One of our artists, Mr. Alexander, while sketching the scene from the roof of a low building near by, was repeatedly struck with lemons, oranges, and other articles of plunder aimed at his head.

But to return to the fire. By three o'clock on Sunday afternoon the flames had nearly reached the Union Dépôt. But the mob was impatient. The burning cars driven under the adjacent sheds had ignited them, but the work was slow. The rioters thereupon rushed into the dépôt-master's office, a two-story frame building at the extreme end of the shed on the north side of the platform, and bursting open the desk and closets, scattered the books and papers over the floor, and throwing oil upon them, applied the match, and soon the whole structure was in flames.

"The Union Dépôt is on fire!" was an announcement that spread like a flash of lightning throughout the city, and thousands of people at once crowded all the avenues leading to the scene. The people seemed entirely reckless of the danger in their wild anxiety to see the sight. The hill-side above the dépôt was covered with people thick as leaves upon forest trees. Every available point of view was taken up. Hundreds climbed to the high tower in City Hall, and from that altitude had a magnificent view of the scene. As the smoke rolled up toward the sky, it attracted the attention of the people in Alleghany, and the sides of Observatory Hill were lined with sight-seers, the most of them children, who from that far-away point took in the wild grandeur of the scene almost as well as those who were nearer at hand. The crowds on Liberty Street were dense as far as Smithfield Street, while scattered groups along the street toward the river, viewed the fiend of flame as it licked up the magnificent structure. Efforts were made to save the grain elevator near by, but the crowd, thinking it belonged to the railroad company, refused to allow the firemen to come near, and it too was destroyed. It was an immense structure, 150 feet high, and about 80 feet square, built of wood and covered with slate. The Union Dépôt was a large four-story building facing an open square opposite the elevator. It had a frontage of about 70 feet, and extended back along Liberty Street about 200 feet. The lower floor was used as waiting-rooms, ticket offices, and the company's offices. The upper floors were occupied as a hotel. The whole building was of modern style of architecture, and was considered one of the best arranged dépôts in the country, and was finished about seven years since. In the rear of the dépôt, and extending back 500 feet, were lines of neat pine sheds, covering different tracks to protect passengers from the weather. It was under these the burning car was run. The Panhandle Dépôt on Grant Street, and the locomotive shop on Quarry Street, met the same fate. When this last building was fired, the whole territory between Seventh Avenue and Mill Vale Station, a distance of three miles, was a wall of fire, and before sunset not a railroad building nor a car of the Pennsylvania and Panhandle railroads was left unburned in Pittsburgh. The total loss is not definitely known, but it can hardly fall short of from $6,000,000 to $7,000,000. Our upper double-page view of the great fire was sketched from the steeple of St. Philomena Church, near by. A dramatic incident is pictured in the illustration on page 628, where the funeral procession of one of the victims is seen passing through the burned district on its way to the cemetery.

On the 21st, President Hayes issued another proclamation, warning rioters to disperse within twenty-four hours. On the 22d, an oil train in Baltimore was fired. The Twenty-third Regiment, of Brooklyn, was ordered to Hornellsville, and soon afterward the Eighth New York was sent to Buffalo, and the Ninth to Albany. All the New York regiments were assembled in their armories. On the same day, Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, ordered out every regiment in his State. That night there was a riot at Reading, culminating in the burning of several cars. The soldiers killed thirteen of the mob and wounded forty-three. The Lebanon Valley Railroad bridge, a magnificent structure across the Schuylkill River, costing over $50,000, was fired at the western end shortly before midnight, as shown in our illustration on page 620; it was totally destroyed. At Reading a mob tore up the tracks, and the troops fired on them, killing ten men. Strikers set fire to an oil train in Philadelphia, but only four cars were burned. The next day the strike extended to several additional lines in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and elsewhere, and broke out at many new points. The New York Central men joined, and in Pennsylvania the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, the Delaware and Hudson, and the Lehigh and Susquehanna road men struck, but there were no disturbances.

On the morning of the 25th the strike had reached its height, when hardly a road was running, from the Hudson to the Mississippi, and from Canada to Virginia. But some of the strikers began to weaken, and before night three lines were re-opened, viz., the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and the Morris and Essex. There was heavy rioting in St. Louis and Chicago on the 25th and 26th, and in the latter city fifteen were killed and many wounded by the police and military. In San Francisco an immense anti-Chinese mob attacked the Chinamen and set fire to lumber yards. A vigilance committee was formed, and the rioters were held in check. On the 27th the New York Central was again running, and the New York State militia were sent to their homes with thanks. There were still threats of trouble at some points, especially in the mining regions, but the strike, as a whole, was believed to be near an end.

COMING AND GOING.

On when she comes, the sunshine's self comes with her;
Its beam and fragrance, half-waked buds, and dew;
The golden flood that streams from urns elysian,
The subtle glow that Eden's rivers knew.

And when she goes, swift then the soul of shining,
The genius, sweetness, thrilling warmth, and ring
Die from the daytime; and a sombre gloaming
Folds o'er the heart its shuddering, anxious wing.

Her coming, going—ah! they are like ocean,
Whose tides bring ebb and flow on life's chained zone.
Now rush the waves' mad coursers maned with rainbows;
Now dies the sea, and all the pale shores moan.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

"DEATH BRINGS COOL NIGHT AFTER LIFE'S SULTRY DAY."

Monday morning was bleak and cold. There was neither frost nor snow, but a driving rain that beat fiercely upon all the southward fronting windows of the Water House, and obscured the view of river and village, church tower and moorland.

At nine o'clock Beatrix was still sleeping. Bella, to whom necessity had given the habit of early rising, was dressed, and out of her room before eight, and found herself at a loss for occupation. There was a cheery fire in Miss Harefield's sitting-room, and the breakfast was laid—a snug round table, bright with pretty china and quaint old silver, with a blue and crimson Japanese bowl of hot-house flowers in the centre. How different from the Scratchell table, with its tumbled week-old cloth, which was like an enlarged copy of Mercator's Chart of the World done in tea and coffee—its odds and ends of crockery, all cracked—for what pottery that ever the potter moulded could withstand the destructiveness of the young Scratchells?—the battered old Britannia tea-pot, its stale quartern loaf, scanty remnant of salt butter, and inadequate dish of pale-faced rashers, the distribution of which half-cured pig gave rise to infinite ill will and recrimination among Mr. Scratchell's olive-branches.

At home Bella would have had to help in the preparation of the morning meal, and to assist her overworked mother in the struggle to preserve peace and order while it was being eaten. Here she had nothing to do but to sit and watch the logs burning, and listen to the clock ticking, and the rain lashing the windows, while she waited for Beatrix.

This state of existence, placid though it was as compared with the turmoil of home, soon began to pall upon Bella, who was of an essentially active temper. She went to the window and looked out, but could see very little through the blinding rain, only dim shapes of mountain and moor. She thought of Cyril Culverhouse, who was going his rounds already, perhaps, in the cold and rain, or teaching damp children in a windy school-room. She thought of her poor mother, whose much tried spirit was doubtless being exercised by the tea-kettle's obstinate persistence in not boiling, and of her father, who was most likely making himself an affliction to every body with his Monday-morning temper.

To-morrow would be Christmas-day. This afternoon Miss Harefield's presents and Bella's poor little offerings were to be sent to the Scratchells'. Bella wondered whether her father would be mollified in temper as evening wore round, and allow of some slight rejoicings in the way of egg-flip or snap-dragon—those luxuries for which the young Scratchells always pleaded, but wherewith they were but seldom gratified. Yet, by-and-by, when going down the hill of life, they would look back upon this arid childhood, and, softened by distance, the rare and scanty pleasures of these early days would seem to them sweeter than any thing which a prosperous later life could yield.

The clock struck the quarter after nine, and still Bella sat looking at the fire, with the breakfast table undisturbed. Even the urn had left off hissing. Beatrix was not generally so late. The two girls had been accustomed to sit down together at eight, for in Miss Scales's moral code late hours were sinful, and a nine-o'clock breakfast was the first stage in a downward career.

Bella's patience was exhausted. She went to Beatrix's door and knocked. No answer. She knocked louder and called, and still there was no answer. She was beginning to feel uneasy, when she saw the young woman who waited on Miss Harefield coming along the corridor.

"Is your mistress up, Mary? Have you done her hair?"

"No, miss. I went at half past seven, as usual, but she was sleeping so sound I didn't like to wake her. I know she has had bad nights lately, and I thought the sleep would do her good. I've been on the listen for her bell ever since."

"And she has not rung?"

"No, miss."

Bella went in without another word. Beatrix was sleeping profoundly.

"Don't wake her, miss," said the maid, looking in at the door. "She's been wanting sleep all along. Mr. Namby says so. Let her have her sleep out."

"Very well," assented Bella. "I'll go and have my breakfast. I'm quite exhausted with waiting."

"So you must be, miss; and the urn is cold, and the eggs too, I'll lay. I'll go and get things hotted up for you."

Bella sat down to her lonely breakfast presently, profound silence reigning in the house, and a dullness as of the grave. She began to think that after all wealth was not an unqualified blessing. Here was the heiress to one of the finest estates in Yorkshire, with innumerable acres in Lincolnshire to boot, leading an existence so joyless and monotonous that even one week of it was too much for Miss Scratchell. And yonder at the Park the wife of a millionaire was hastening her descent to the grave by vain cares and needless economies. The rich people did not seem, according to Bella's small experience, to get value for their money.

She was still sitting at breakfast when she was surprised by a visit from the butler, a personage who rarely ascended to that upper floor.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," he began, with a serious air, "Mrs. Peters and I are rather anxious about Mr. Harefield. We really don't feel to know what we ought to do—the circumstances are altogether out of the way. I don't want to do more than my duty as a faithful servant, and I shouldn't feel satisfied if I was to do less."

"But what is wrong?" asked Bella, puzzled and scared by this circumlocution, and now perceiving the round rubicund visage of the housekeeper looking in at the door. "Is Mr. Harefield ill?"

"No, Miss Scratchell, it isn't that—but we can't find him."

"You can't find him?"

"No, ma'am. He isn't in his bedroom, and what's more, his bed wasn't slept in last night. He isn't in the library or the dining-room, and those three rooms are the only ones he ever uses. His habits, as you know, ma'am, are as regular as clock-work, as far as regards meals, and so on. He takes his breakfast at nine o'clock, and goes from his breakfast to his library. He never left home in his life without letting me know beforehand. But he didn't sleep in this house last night; and he's not to be found in this house this morning."

"He may have gone away last night with that strange gentleman," suggested Bella.

"No, ma'am, that he didn't; for I let the foreign gentleman out, and locked the door after him."

"Have you searched the house? Mr. Harefield may have fallen down in a fit somewhere. It's too dreadful to think of."

"I've looked every where that was likely. There are only three rooms that he ever uses, as I said, ma'am. And I wouldn't frighten Miss Harefield for the world. That's why I came to consult you, ma'am, knowing you to be a clever young lady, and your father being my master's lawyer."

"Come," said Bella, seeing the two servants looking at her as if for inspiration. "If Mr. Harefield has gone away on the spur of the moment, I dare say he has left a letter or a memorandum somewhere. Let us go round the house together and look about. It was quite right of you not to disturb Miss Harefield."

Bella led the way down stairs, followed by the two scared servants. Her heart was beating fast, agitated by nameless fears; but even in the midst of her fear she felt a kind of elation, a sense of new importance. Some great event was going to happen. This slow old ship, the Water House, was entering stormy seas, and she was at the helm.

A sudden thought went through her heart like a knife. What if Mr. Harefield were to die? His death would mean wealth and freedom, love, liberty, all glad things that earth could give, for Beatrix. It would mean union with Cyril Culverhouse. The pang of envy which pierced Bella's little soul at that thought was an almost unsupportable agony. She had endured the idea of their mutual love with secret pangs and heart-burnings, but with at least an outward patience, while all possibility of their union was afar off. But to see them prosperous lovers, happy in each other—to hear their wedding bells, and to have to sit by and smile assentingly while her little world praised them and rejoiced in their happiness—this would be too much. All these considerations passed through her mind as she went down stairs, with the housekeeper and butler behind her, on her way to the library, where, if any letter had been left by Mr. Harefield before his departure, it was most likely to be found.

The shutters had been opened and the blinds drawn up, the fire was lighted, floor swept, the chairs were set straight. But the large writing-table, with its litter of books and papers, had been left untouched. The house-maids at the Water House knew their duties too well to disturb any thing there.

There were letters on the mantel-piece—old letters thrust carelessly behind bronze candlesticks and Oriental jars. The butler went over to the hearth to examine these papers, with a faint hope that among them there might lurk some communication from his missing master. The housekeeper went to look at a tray in the hall, where cards and letters were sometimes put, and where it was just possible her master might have left some message on a scrap of paper.

Bella turned over the books on the table—a volume of Euripides, the last number of the *Westminster*, half a dozen pamphlets, political and scientific. She started, and looked at the butler, who was standing with his back to her, deliberately sorting the letters he had taken from the mantel-piece, chiefly receipted accounts which his master had thrust there and forgotten, Christian Harefield not being a man of business-like habits, or given to the docketing and pigeon-holing of unimportant letters.

Here under Bella Scratchell's hand—lying half hidden among the books and pamphlets—was a letter that evidently meant something. A large blue envelope sealed with the Harefield crest, a stag passant, and curiously addressed:

"FOR MY DAUGHTER BEATRIX."

A man could hardly write to his daughter, she living under the same roof with him, sitting at meat with him a few hours ago, unless he had something of an exceptional nature to tell her. These considerations and some more passed through Bella's mind as she stood with her hand on the letter, her eyes on the butler's portly back.

He was entirely engrossed with his scrutiny of the envelopes in his hand, being of a slow and stolid temperament, and requiring leisure in which to grasp an idea. At this moment no one but Bella and the writer knew of the existence of this letter.

And the writer, where was he?

Bella put the letter into her pocket.

"I will give it to her myself," she thought. "It will be better."

"There's nothing here, Miss Scratchell," said the butler, "and this is where master always puts his letters for the post."

And then he came and surveyed the table with his slow gaze, which seemed feebly to interrogate the covers of the books, as if in the hope that they might tell him something.

"Nothing, ma'am?"

"Nothing," answered Bella.

"It's a very awkward position for old servants to find themselves placed in," said the butler. "It isn't like my master to go out of the house and tell nobody, and leave his servants to puzzle and worry themselves about him. He has been eccentric of late years, but always the gentleman. And how could he go away, except on foot, which isn't likely? I've been to the stables. He has not been out there. The horses are all in the stables. There's no coach goes through Little Yafford. There's no rail within ten miles."

"I wish I knew what to advise you," said Bella, "but I really do not. It's quite a dreadful situation for us all to be in. And Miss Harefield will be coming down stairs presently—and must be told. I really think you ought to send for my father. He would know what to do, perhaps."

"I couldn't take upon myself to do such a thing, ma'am. If my master should come back, and be offended at us making such a fuss—"

"But you have a right to make a fuss. His bed was not slept in last night, you say. He disappears suddenly on a Sunday night, after receiving a mysterious visitor. You have a right to be frightened."

"Why frightened? Who has disappeared?" asked a voice at the door, and Beatrix entered, pallid and heavy-eyed, after her late slumbers.

"Oh, Beatrix," cried Bella, going over to her. "I did not think you were coming down stairs."

"What is wrong?" asked Beatrix. "Is it any thing about my father?"

There was a pause, and then she turned sharply upon the butler.

"There is something wrong," she said, "and you are trying to hide it from me. Is my father ill?"

Peacock faltered, stammered, and finally explained the state of things.

"When did you last see papa?" asked Beatrix, after he had finished.

"It was half past ten o'clock, ma'am. I brought wood and coals, and asked if there was any thing more wanted, and my master said no."

"Was he looking ill—or agitated?"

"I did not notice any thing particular. He was sitting quietly before the fire."

"Reading?"

"No. He was not reading."

Beatrix sank into her father's chair, very pale, and trembling in every limb. She could think of nothing; she could suggest nothing. For the moment the very power of thought seemed suspended. Bella leaned over her, and murmured something indistinctly soothing. But this state of mental collapse did not last long. Beatrix rose, and went quickly to the door.

"Let us look in every room in the house," she said. "In my mother's rooms first of all. He may be there."

"Oh, Miss Beatrix," cried Peacock, "why, you know those rooms are never opened."

"Yes, sometimes by him. He keeps the key. The visitor last night was an old friend of my mother's. The sight of him would bring back thoughts of the past to my father."

She ran quickly up stairs, and to the passage out of which her mother's rooms opened. It was at the end of the house opposite that in which Beatrix lived.

"See," she cried, "the key is in the door of the morning-room. My father is there."

She knocked softly, and waited for a minute or so; but there was no answer. Then she took courage, and went in alone; while Peacock, the housekeeper, and Miss Scratchell waited breathlessly in the corridor.

There was a pause which to these listeners seemed long, and then there rose a cry that thrilled them.

They went in timidly, all together, full of fear, and found Beatrix Harefield on her knees beside a sofa, on which, stretched at full length, clad in its monk's robe of gray cloth, lay that which a few hours ago had been the master of all things on the Water House estate, ruler and arbiter of many lives, by the sublime right of ten or twelve thousand a year.

"Send some one for Mr. Namby," cried Peacock.

"Come away with me, Miss Beatrix love," cried the housekeeper. "You can't do any good, and you'll only make yourself unhappy. Come away with me and Miss Scratchell."

Bella stood looking on, white and scared, and said not a word. Beatrix heard good Mrs. Pomfret's entreaties, but took no heed. She was still upon her knees, clasping a dead man's icy hand, and all the life within her seemed frozen like his.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A remarkable instance of the rapidity of the growth of the eucalyptus has recently been announced from Jamaica, where, in the elevated portion of the island, there are said to be trees sixty feet high, with trunks a foot in diameter near the ground, that were raised from seed introduced into the island only six years ago.

Mr. **John Jones**, secretary of the Iron and Steel Institute, died in England, on the 6th of June, at the age of forty-two. He is to be considered as the founder of that important association, and has been editor of its journal from its commencement. Among his best known writings is a work on the geology of the South Staffordshire district.

The report of the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire for the year 1876 has been printed, by order of the Legislature at its June session, and repeats the lamentations of other Fish Commissioners of the Eastern States, on account of the great diminution in the number of salmon, shad, and other valuable fishes within the last few years. They, however, express much hope of the future from the salmon and other fish introduced by them, partly furnished by the United States Commission for the purpose. A valuable appendix to the report consists in an enumeration of the lakes and ponds of New Hampshire, with a description of their general character and the kinds of fish now found therein. There is no summary of the aggregate of the acreage covered by them.

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the British Association will commence on Wednesday, August 15, under the presidency of Professor **Allen Thomson**.

The second Bulletin of the United States Entomological Commission, intended to investigate the subject of the grasshopper invasion, embraces notes upon the natural history of this animal, and of the habits of the young or unfledged insects. The members of the commission have been at work diligently for several months past, Dr. **Packard** having just returned, expecting to resume his operations in August. They hope they have secured information and data capable of highly important practical applications.

The *Chemical News* announces the death of Mr. **William Gossage**, at the age of seventy-eight, on the 9th of April, 1877, and refers to him as one to whom chemical technology is indebted for many important practical discoveries. The most notable are apparatus for the manufacture of salt-cake; the saving of manganese in producing chlorine for bleaching-powder; an improved method of manufacturing white lead; and many valuable novelties in the treatment of metallic ores and in the utilization of waste products. More recently his attention was turned to the manufacture of excellent and cheap soaps from palm-oil, silicate of soda, and other materials.

Professor **Capellini** announces to the Academy of Sciences in Paris the capture of a gigantic whale of the whalebone kind in the Gulf of Tarentum, and says this is the first instance of such an occurrence that has taken place in the Mediterranean within the historical period.

The State Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania have published their report for the year 1876, which records more work done in connection with the black bass than with other species.

They congratulate the State upon the success which has attended their efforts for stocking its waters with this fish—a measure the propriety of which may be somewhat open to question, in view of the possible relations which they may bear toward the multiplication of the more valuable shad and herring.

No attempt was made to hatch shad in 1876; but in 1875 there were 1,345,000 hatched in the latter half of July, below the Columbia dam on the Susquehanna.

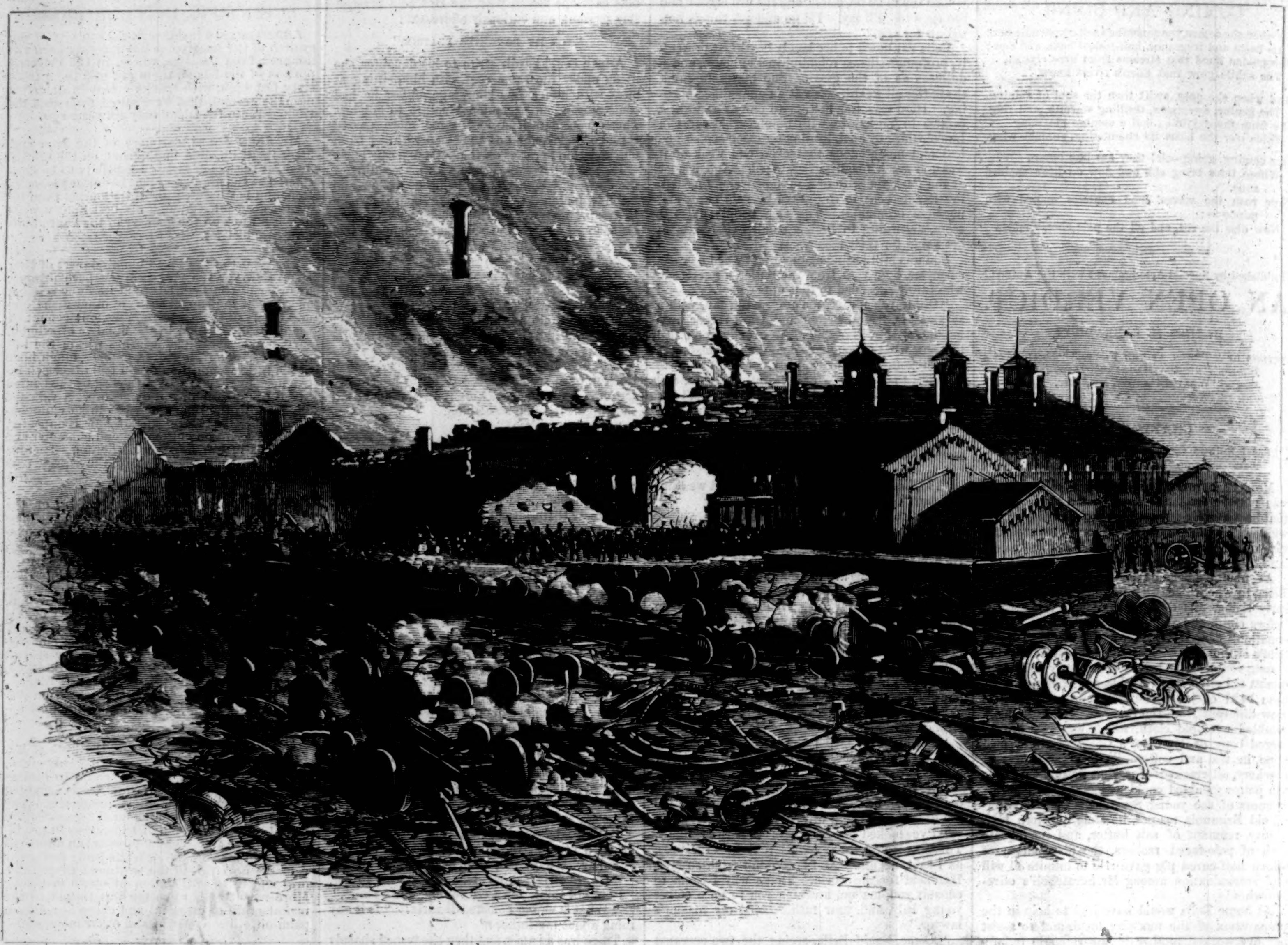
Invitations have been received in the United States to attend the sixth session of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held at Havre from the 23d to the 30th of August, 1877.

Dr. H. C. **Yarrow**, U.S.A., of Washington, is engaged in preparing a mémoir upon the burial customs of the Indians of North America, and has issued a circular calling for information as to peculiarities of the different tribes of Indians in this respect. This work, when completed, will be published by Major J. W. **Powell**, of the United States geographical and geological department.

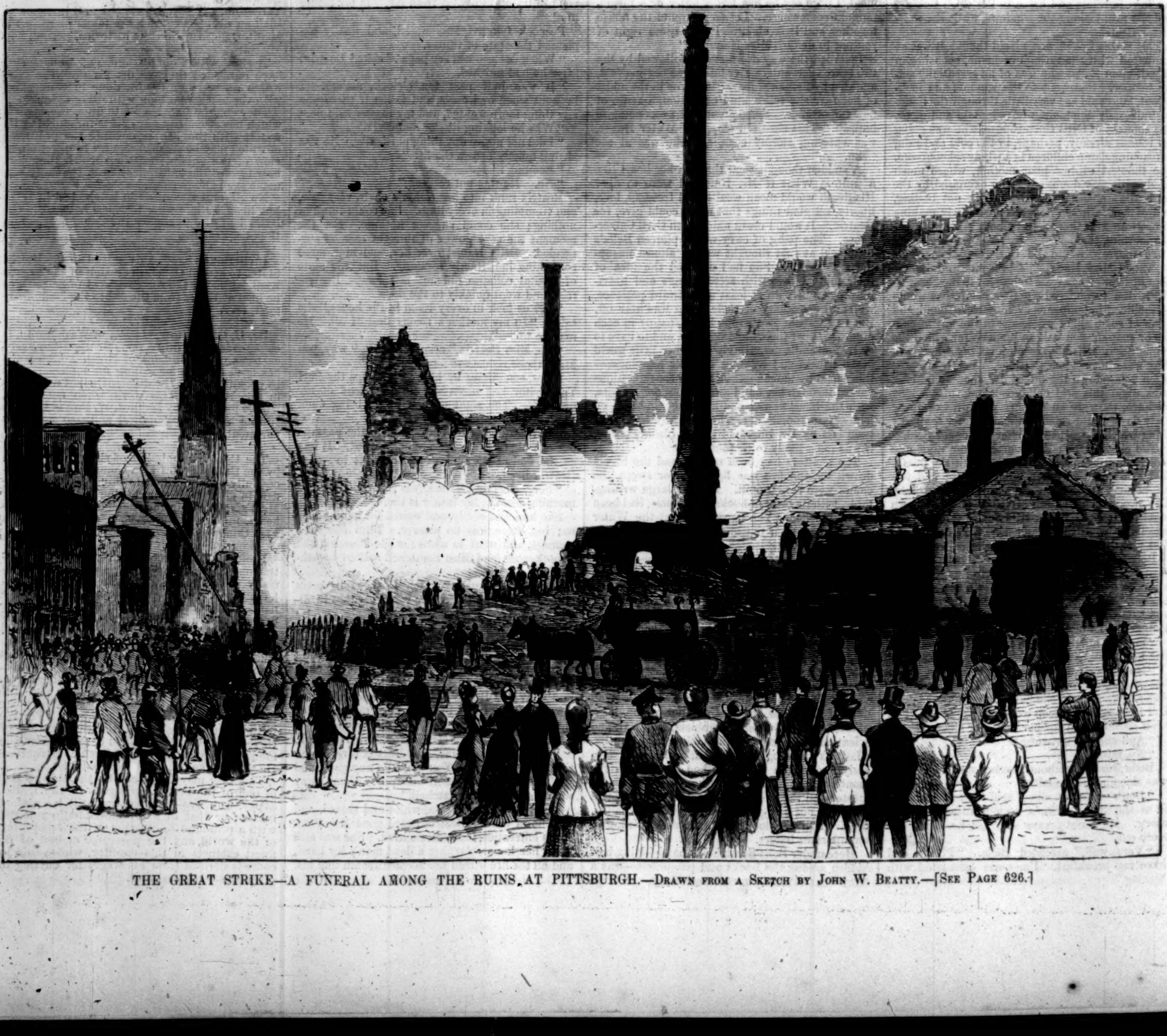
The third transmission of shad to California by the United States Fish Commission was successfully accomplished in June, 100,000 young fish, in good condition, having been planted by Mr. F. N. **Clark** in the Sacramento River at Tehama, under the supervision of the California Fish Commission.

Professor **Dawkins** adds another to the illustrations of the pursuit of knowledge, and especially of natural history, under difficulties, referring to a cotton-mill hand at Oldham by the name of **James Whittaker**, who has recently deceased. Professor **Dawkins** was taken, some years ago, to see the collection of this man, and to his astonishment found it a very complete and well-arranged cabinet of fossil shells and plants, and accompanied by a series of microscopical sections, made to illustrate their structure. These had been constructed with the rudest tools and implements, the grinding being principally done on the kitchen floor. For the purpose of studying the intimate structure of these slides, **Whittaker** had bought lenses and mounted them in tubes of his own construction. He was also an excellent local botanist.

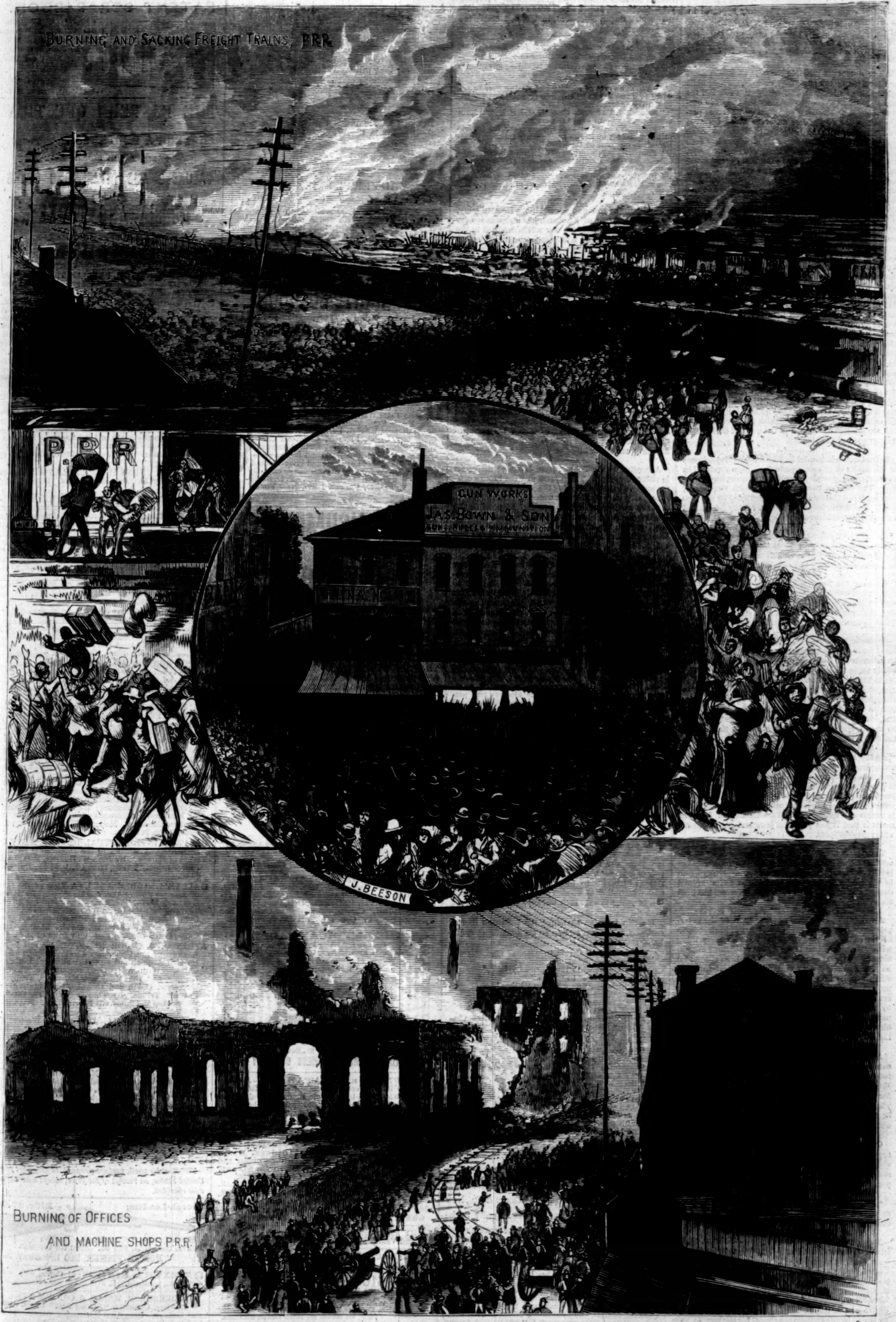
This case may be placed by the side of that of one of the best fungologists in the United States, who was—and perhaps still is—a shoemaker; or that of a prominent entomologist, with a profound knowledge of the lepidoptera of the world, and the possessor of one of the finest cabinets in this country, whose sole income is derived from his wages for cutting inscriptions on tombstones.



THE GREAT STRIKE—BURNING OF THE ROUND-HOUSE AT PITTSBURGH.—From a Sketch by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 626.]



THE GREAT STRIKE—A FUNERAL AMONG THE RUINS AT PITTSBURGH.—Drawn from a Sketch by John W. Beatty.—[See Page 626.]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THE GREAT STRIKE—PITTSBURGH IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB.—Drawn from Sketches by J. W. Alexander and Jacob Beeson.—[See Page 626.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE following advertisement recently appeared in the Liverpool *Daily Post*:

> WILL any one kindly lend a Lady a Live Colorado Beetle for a few days? Great care shall be taken of it. Payment if desired.—Address K. L., office of this paper.

Whether numerous tangible answers to this request were received by the advertiser, or whether the public regarded it as a joke, we know not. But some of the English journals appear to consider the Colorado beetle as a myth, and jocosely comment on its recent passage across the Atlantic as an event which occurred simultaneously with the passage of the Russians across the Danube. Nevertheless, public attention has been called to possibilities of future danger to English crops, and the Privy Council Office has caused general information in regard to the appearance and habits of the beetle, and the best means of extirpating it, to be printed and circulated. The immediate cause of this public interest in the insect which takes its name from a division of our own country is the fact of its arrival in Germany, and the announcement from Canada that certain sections of the Dominion are swarming with beetles, and that it will be impossible to prevent them from going to England if they take a fancy so to do. Not long ago the Colorado beetle was found in a potato field at Mülheim, near Cologne. The German authorities promptly covered the field with sawdust saturated with petroleum, and set it on fire—a procedure which would naturally destroy eggs, larvæ, and beetles. Unfortunately, however, one was seen on the wing, so that it is not probable that the whole invading force was exterminated. In fact, the creature has so many methods of locomotion that it is not an easy matter to confine it within any given bounds. The London *Times* seems to think that all the English people can do at present is to become acquainted with the "looks, manners, and habits" of the beetle, and suggests that not only pictures of it be given to the general public, but that schools be supplied with colored pictures and models, and that they be explained to the children, so that by-and-by, when the enemy makes his appearance, the children will quickly recognize a Colorado beetle, and the schools be enlisted in the work of destruction for the good of the country.

In the Caxton Memorial Exhibition the 192 specimens of the works of Caxton's press have been arranged in eight distinct groups according to chronological order. The date of those books in which the time of imprint is not clearly stated has been fixed by the type used. The distinctions of type are readily determined by Caxtonian students.

An insurance company for baggage has been organized—a protective arrangement which is really becoming needful in view of the amount of baggage destroyed in hotels, steamboats, and railroad dépôts.

Some of the Long Branch hotels have a new arrangement which, in these hard times, will be satisfactory to many guests. Choice rooms are held at $5 a day, the next best at $4, and the least desirable at $3. There is some justice in this arrangement.

Professor Tice reveals to us the "weather probabilities" for the entire month of August. Our readers may be interested to notice how far the predictions are fulfilled: 1st to 3d, heavy rain and storms; 3d to 7th, fair; 7th to 10th, severe storms; 10th to 13th, clear; 13th to 16th, threatening storms; 16th to 18th, clear; 18th to 24th, cloudy and liable to frosts north of 40th parallel; 25th to 28th, threatening weather and rains; 28th to 31st, cloudy and rain-storms. The warmest days will be the 2d, 9th, 15th, 20th, 26th, and 30th; the coldest, the 4th, 11th, 16th, and 22d.

Amblychila cylindriformis is the name of an interesting bug, of which, it is said, only one living specimen is in possession of the scientific world. That one is domiciled in Philadelphia. It is an inch and a half long, and has reddish-brown wings. In its native wilds, which are in Kansas and westward from there, it burrows in the ground and dwells unseen. Its chief merit is that it has powerful jaws and teeth, and devours grasshoppers.

The new Methodist hymn-book, prepared by a committee of the General Conference, and accepted by the Board of Bishops, contains 1150 hymns. Every hymn in the collection has been traced back to its original source, and in most cases the original version has been restored.

An English journal makes some sport of the enterprising activity of the Emperor of Brazil in the course of his sight-seeing, saying that he does every thing with "en energy that is somewhat fatiguing" to common people; but adds that it has not been chronicled how, when he went to St. Paul's, his great ambition was to climb into the ball at the top, and how, although an active Majesty, this feat proved too much for him. His chagrin at the failure was only equaled by the relief of the reverend custodians who accompanied him, and who had been convinced that, if he did succeed in getting up, he would probably then have insisted upon sitting at the top of the cross.

An attractive feature of Cornwall-on-Hudson as a summer resort is its circulating library and reading-room. There is a library of 2500 volumes of choice English literature; and new books of the best class for summer reading are procured as soon as issued. The reading-room contains daily newspapers of most of the principal cities, and a ticket for the season is obtained for a trifling sum.

Complaints are made that the seats in Central Park are continually occupied by tramps, so that occasional visitors have no opportunity to rest themselves. A similar complaint has been made in regard to other parks in this city.

"Cod-liver oil" is made by a firm in San Francisco—so says a California paper—from *dogs*. This is discouraging to invalids.

Two newly opened Chinese ports—Holhow, on the island of Hainan, and Pakhoi, on the main-land—have been recently visited by Commander Perkins, of the United States steamer *Ashuelot*, attached to the Asiatic station, in company with Mr. Lincoln, our consul at Canton. The island of Hainan contains about 1,000,000 Chinese and 40,000 savages, who occupy the centre of the island. In the middle of the territory occupied by the Indians is a chapel for the use of Christianized Chinese, who are unmolested by the Indians. The population of Holhow is 12,000 Chinese, and there are only twelve foreigners. The exports are betel-nuts, brown sugar, white sugar, leather, sesamum seeds, etc. Pakhoi contains about 10,000 inhabitants. There are six white people, five of whom are in the customs department. Sugar, anise-seed, indigo, and cassia are the products.

Baltimore has formed a Spelling Reform Association, and an exchange assures us, either in joke or in earnest, that the reformers claim the following advantages for their new method:

"First—The arts of reeding and rieting may be acwierd in a few weeks by children or unletered adults, by naitivz or forenerz.

"Second—An accuret, elegant, and euniform pronunsiashon iz braut to the reederz ie.

"Third—No new leterz are recwierd, and the fonetic print can be set up in the most poorly furnisht printing ofis in eny part ov the cuntry.

"Fourth—Ther being so litti diferens between the apeerans ov the fonetic and the ordinary print and script, thoez hoo can reed and riet the later will reed the fonetic print and script eezily, and the new speling can be introducst gradeualy, without hinderans to biznes or frendship."

Skobeleff, the youngest general in the Russian army, and the conqueror of Khokand, has a reputation for wild exploits. During the war which resulted in the conquest of Khokand a Russian detachment of 800 men, with 400 Cossacks, was compelled to retreat before a superior force of the enemy. A night attack was decided upon, and Skobeleff, then colonel, proposed to his general to lead the attacking column himself, with only 150 Cossacks. The Khokandians were encamped on an open plain, about a mile and a half distant. At midnight he took his 150 Cossacks, divided them into three parties, and cautiously surrounded the enemy's camp. Having passed the enemy's outposts, Skobeleff gave the signal for the attack by firing his pistol, and, followed by his 150 Cossacks, he rode headlong into the enemy's camp of 6000 or 7000 men, all shouting like fiends, and cutting down every thing in their passage. For a quarter of an hour the plain resounded with all the uproar of battle. Then all was silence. Skobeleff assembled his Cossacks, and when morning came he found that the whole army of the enemy had disappeared, leaving on the field about 40 dead, 2000 or 3000 muskets and sabres, all their camp material and baggage. But what was his astonishment on calling the roll to discover that not a man of his party was either killed or wounded!

According to the Tokio *Times*, Japanese native art is visibly decaying. The potters and the bronze-casters are said to be abandoning the picturesque peculiarities which have made their wares so sought after in other countries, and copying as fast as possible the English and American shapes. Japanese art, although without high inspiration, is so unique that it would seem as if commercial considerations alone would sustain it.

The King of Upper Burmah has resolved to throw open his ruby mines, as he finds it impossible to prevent the extraction of stones and their disposal to others besides the royal holder. It is expected that some rich gems will be discovered. The king has also determined to work on a large scale the extensive iron mines which exist in Burmah. He has ordered machinery from England, and reckons upon a large profit.

An exchange very truly remarks:

"Half the people of the world are idle for want of some overseeing eye to set them to work. The advice which Haydon gave to the erratic poet Keats, to settle down to some definite purpose, needs be given to almost one-half of mankind. There are very few persons but would find themselves comfortably well off if they would take hold of any one of a hundred pursuits and stick to it. Industry and economy will make a most wonderful change in many households."

Once in a while some news comes from that lonely spot of Polynesia known as Pitcairn's Island. The latest intelligence is to the effect that an army of rats, landing from a wreck, have swarmed over the whole island, which is about seven miles wide, and have devoured every thing. The poor islanders, in their distress, appealed to a Pacific trader, who happened to look in upon them, for a supply of flour.

Tropical countries are infested with ants which often do great damage. There is also in this country a "carpenter ant" capable of effecting much mischief in wood-work. The attention of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences has been directed to some special instances of boring by these ants, as it is evident that such penetration of wooden structures, and especially bridges, might cause their unexpected fall.

We clip from an exchange the following literary curiosity, whose authorship seems a matter of speculation:

The "brewers" should to "Malta" go,
  The "boobies" all to "Scilly,"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"
  The "furriers" to "Chili."
The little snarling, caroling "babes",
  That break our nightly rest
Should be packed off to "Babylon,"
  To "Lapland," or to "Brest."
From "Spithead" cooks go o'er to "Greece;"
  And while the "miser" waits
His passage to the "Guinea" coast,
  "Spendthrifts" are in the "Straits."
"Spinsters" should to the "Needles" go,
  "Wine-bibbers to "Burgundy;"
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich Isles,"
  "Wags" at the "Bay of Fundy;"
"Bachelors" to the "United States,"
  "Maids" to the "Isle of Man."
Let "gardeners" go to "Botany Bay,"
  And "shoe-blacks" to "Japan."
Thus emigrate, and misplaced men
  Will then no longer vex us;
And all who're not provided for
  Had better go to "Texas."

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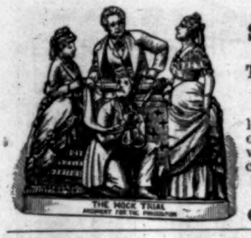

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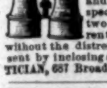

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Report of Committee on Course of Study, Text-Books, and Apparatus, St. Louis, Mo.

Your Committee on Course of Study, Text-Books, and Apparatus, to whom was referred, June 12th, the resolution of Mr. Youngblood: "That Harper's School Geography be introduced in the St. Louis public schools in place of [the book now in use]," beg leave to report that they have compared the two books, and were guided in their present recommendation by the following considerations: By far the largest number of pupils leave school before they could reach the highest grade in the district schools, and only a small fraction of all pupils ever get into the high school. The very best books should therefore be secured for the middle grades of the district schools. In every study, that feature which elevates the mind, strengthens perception, improves the judgment, and enlarges the reasoning faculty is more important than the statement of facts themselves. The method of proceeding from cause to effect will result in the habit of a similar application by the pupil. All geographical relations are the consequence of physical conditions. Every good geography must, therefore, preface its commercial, industrial, and political chapters by a description of the physical features of the country.

Your committee finds that Harper's School Geography answers to the stated conditions by far better than the geography now in use. Harper's gives a good physical description and excellent maps to illustrate the same, it follows these up by very good political maps, which still retain a clear enough representation of the physical features of the country to impress this, its most important character; the book is not crowded with trivial matter, not over-stocked with useless names; it has a clear and simple language easily understood by every pupil; its definitions are concise and correct, and its print and binding are of a superior quality. To complete the work, four pages of text on Missouri and map of our State will be added, and contain those important industrial and political home relations which have thus far had little consideration in geography. This additional text and map will be furnished by the publishers to all pupils now studying the School Geography free of charge, and as no class will be transferred from the old to the new book until the completion of the course of study in the book it is using, the new book will be only introduced into the fourth year, whose pupils would have to buy new books under all circumstances, and the change will cause no additional expense to the pupils.

In consideration of all these facts, your committee recommends that Harper's School Geography be introduced in the St. Louis public schools in place of [the book now in use].

ROBERT J. ROMBAUER. E. A. BECKER.
JAMES M. YOUNGBLOOD. A. SINCLAIR.

From E. V. DEGRAFF, *Conductor of Teachers' Institutes, Albany, N. Y.*

I have studiously examined Harper's Series of Geographies, consisting of two books. The first book contains Conversational Lessons, in which the primary truths, the rudimentary facts, are impressed upon the pupil's mind through familiar illustrations and diagrams. The correct idea is formed in the pupil's mind before he is required to commit the definitions to memory. It is admirably adapted to interest the pupil, and logical in the presentation of the subject.

Harper's School Geography is unsurpassed as a text-book. It has been carefully prepared by a prominent educator, and it is the most philosophical work of the kind published. The basis of the work is physical geography, and the order of presentation of the subjects is logical. The maps are very distinct, and exhibit a high order of mechanical skill and accuracy. Another prominent feature is the separate and special study of the geography of each State—this feature alone commends it to every American teacher. In all its parts the plan is so admirably arranged that geography becomes a charming study.

I hope to see the merits of this series appreciated by the educational public, and the youth of our country instructed in this rational system of geography.

From R. I. HAMILTON, *Superintendent of Madison County, Ind.*

On comparing Harper's New Geography with several others before me, I must pronounce it superior to any of them. Among those things worthy of special mention are its presentation of many things in physical geography which every pupil ought to know, but which few ever learn unless presented in the common schools; its physical maps and rain maps in addition to the political maps; its typography, which is decidedly the best I have ever seen, and its general arrangement.

From A. C. GOODWIN, *County Superintendent of Clarke County, Ind.*

I have given Harper's Geography a partial examination, and I must say that the maps are the most fascinating pages that I have ever seen in a school book; so clear, so cheerful, so intelligently, tastefully, and artistically arranged. The topical arrangement, too, is most admirable. I have never seen the book that equals it in mechanical perfection. The physical and political geography are so nicely blended as to render this study, as it should be, one of the most intensely interesting in the whole school curriculum.

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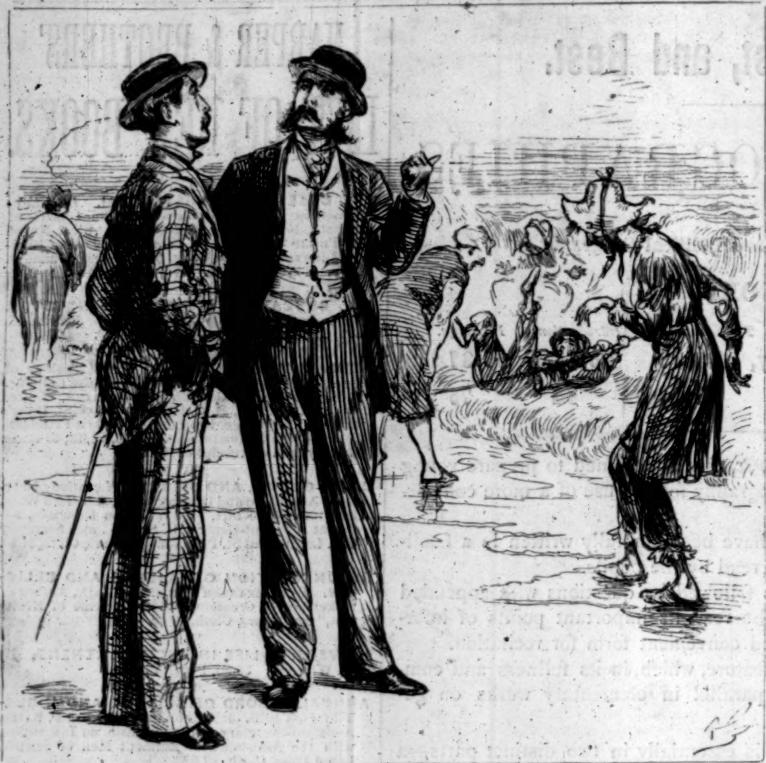

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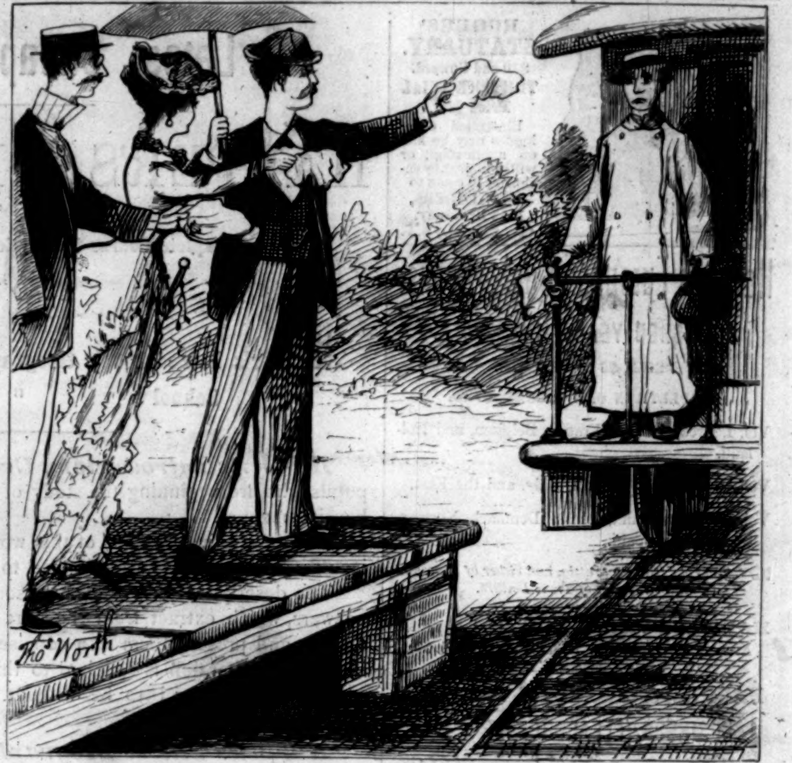

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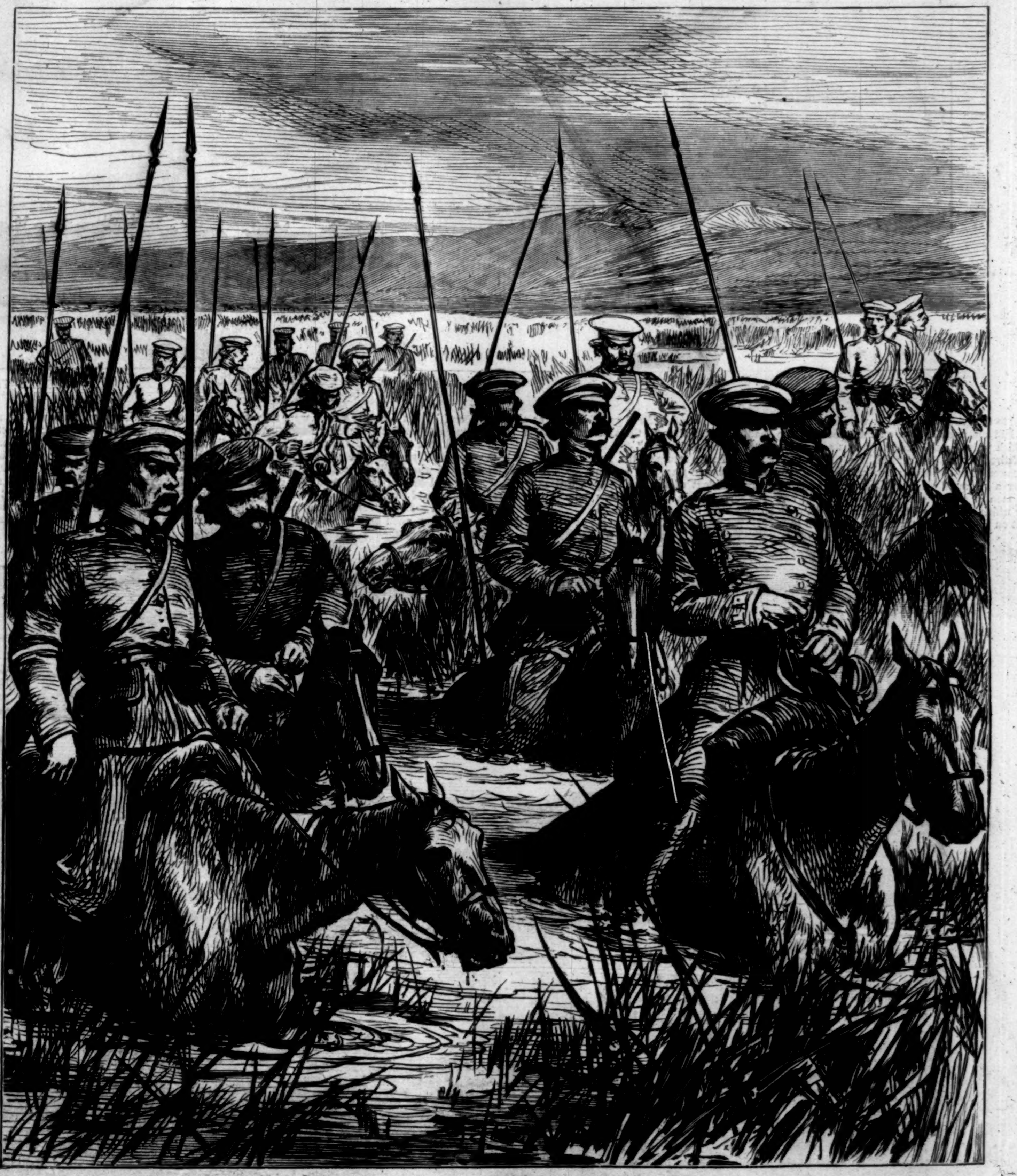
THE CONQUEST OF THE DOBRUDSCHA.

THE crossing of the river Danube just below Braila and the capture of the Turkish town of Matchin, on the 27th and 28th of June, were but preliminary to the conquest of the entire district known as the Dobrudscha by the Russian forces. The upper view presented in our double-page engraving is a fine picture of the scene of the crossing, from the Braila side. On the left may be seen the two extremes of the bridge on which the crossing was made, the central portion not having been completed when the artist made the drawing. The point at which the bridge touched on the Turkish side was a little below the hamlet of Ghetchet, at the mouth of the Matchin Canal. Two crossings were made simultaneously, the one from Galatz, and the other from Braila, eighteen miles distant. From both places troops of Cossacks were sent across at early dawn in barges, and in less than two hours after landing, the two lines of horsemen had formed a junction, stretching along the river's bank on the edge of the enemy's country.

Under cover of this Cossack cordon the pontoons were towed into position, and the bridges at the two points were soon laid, every plank being ready, and every man having a particular service to perform. The Galatz bridge was much more easily built than the one at Braila, because of a long stretch of swamp land on the Dobrudscha side which had to be planked over for the passage of the artillery. No sooner had the last plank been laid in the main structure than the men, already drawn up in battalions, were ordered to prepare for the crossing. Eight thousand men and two batteries of artillery then passed over as rapidly as possible, each battalion forming directly it had reached the dry ground. By the time the guns were ready to be brought over, preparations for landing them across the marsh were finished. The landing completed, the daring Cossacks were hurried forward to drive back the videttes. Some idea of the difficulties of the reconnaissance may be formed from the illustration on this page, where the brave riders are seen driving their horses through one of the deep reed-grown marshes that abound in that vicinity. The objective point was the town of Matchin, shown on the right of our picture. Hither the Russian troops followed the Cossacks with great rapidity, and after several conflicts with the irregular cavalry of the enemy the outlying fortifications of the town were reached. Two desperate charges were made, and by night-fall the works were carried, the Turks retreating into the town. The next day the Russians rested, and on the succeeding day again advanced, and began to shell the town. But the main body of the Turks had fled in the night, and after a few shells had been thrown, the remainder hurried away, and left the town an easy prey to the Russians. Large bodies of Russian soldiers subsequently crossed the river, and now the Dobrudscha is overrun by them, and completely in their hands.

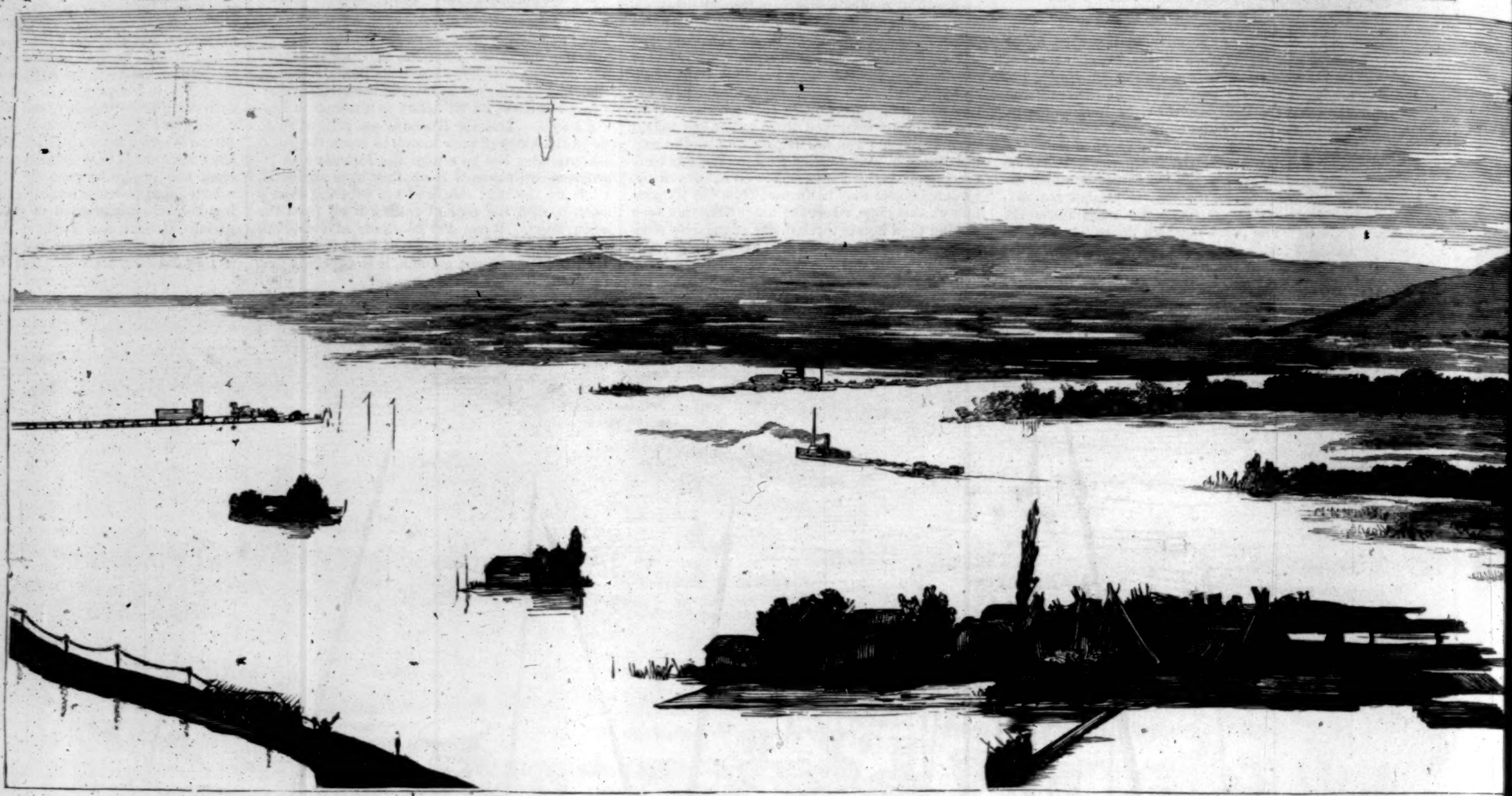


THE CONQUEST OF THE DOBRUDSCHA—COSSACKS ON THE ROAD TO MATCHIN.

RUSTCHUK, ON THE DANUBE.

OUR readers have already been advised of the rapid and daring advance of the Russian Army of the Danube in the direction of Constantinople. The movement is not without its perils, however, the chief of which is in leaving the strongly garrisoned fortress of Rustchuk in the rear in hostile hands. This the Russians are compelled to do in the hurry of their march to reach the Turkish capital. But to render the fortress with its garrison incapable of harm, they have surrounded it on the land side, and are pressing closely upon it, with the view of cutting it off from the main army. When the blockade of Rustchuk is complete, so that its garrison can not interfere with the Dobrudscha column, it is expected that this Russian force will leave the line of the Tchernavoda Railway, and envelop Silistria—another corner in the great quadrilateral. On the upper bank of the Danube, and nearly opposite, the fortress of Rustchuk is confronted by the Russians in Giurgevo, who have fiercely bombarded the town. A great many buildings have been destroyed, and the inhabitants have deserted the town. A correspondent of the London *Times*, who was in Rustchuk at the time of one of the bombardments, thus describes it:

"Last Sunday, about three in the afternoon, some Englishmen were sitting in the garden of the Hôtel Hislah Hane drinking coffee; the esplanade fronting the river was lined with the usual holy-day loungers—men, women, and children—in Sunday finery, for the late rumors of peace had induced numbers to return to Rustchuk. A sullen boom and puff of white smoke across the Danube, and the screaming of a shell, which seemed to pass immediately over the hotel, excited interest, but no great alarm. That shell fell in the Armenian quarter. After the first scare there was laughter among the riverside crowd and conversation in the garden. About fifteen minutes later a puff all along the opposite bank announced that the bombardment of Rustchuk had begun in earnest. Holy Russia had selected that peaceful Sunday afternoon for sending her iron messengers of deliverance to Bulgarians, Greeks, and Turks with cynical impartiality. The noise was deafening, especially when, as they did soon afterward, the Turkish batteries replied. As the shells began to fall all around, somebody cried out, 'Why, they are not firing on the forts, but on the town.' It was true. A shell exploded in the garden. It was time to go. A second, still nearer, accelerated the strategic movement. But where was the place of safety? In the streets, crash after crash, blinding smoke, and the noise of falling building material gave rise to very confused notions upon that subject. Hour after hour the pitiless storm fell upon us. The scene near the principal hospital was at once grand and painful. It was well known at Giurgevo that the principal building, with two red crescents on a white ground, was a hospital. On that building the chief fire was directed from the first. When I left Rustchuk yesterday it was


Russian Bridge.
Ghetchet.
Matchin Canal.

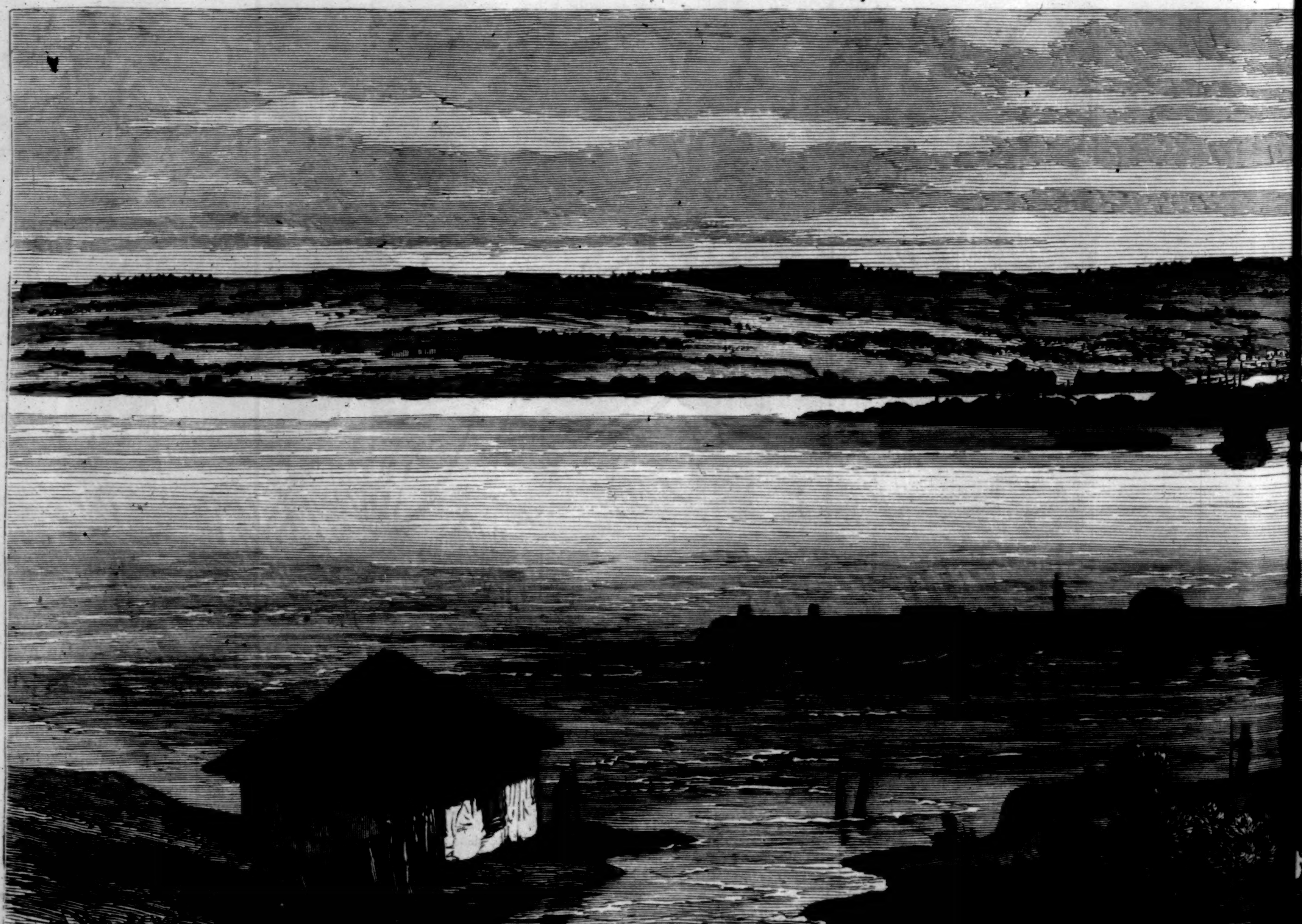
CROSSING THE DANUBE—VIEW OF T DOBRU

razed to the ground. The sick were brought out and laid upon mattresses on the ground. The Turkish women exhibited marvelous *sang-froid*, as if tired of their uneventful lives. They were to be seen quietly shuffling across the open square under a storm of shells, while women of other and men of all races ran like rabbits into any hole which seemed to offer shelter. So the work went on till sunset. It was found that the British Consulate had suffered great damage, as also had several houses in the same street, which is near no fort or battery."

The Turks returned the fire vigorously, and much damage was done in Giurgevo. Another correspondent of the same paper, writing from the Russian side, thus describes the effect of the Turkish fire:

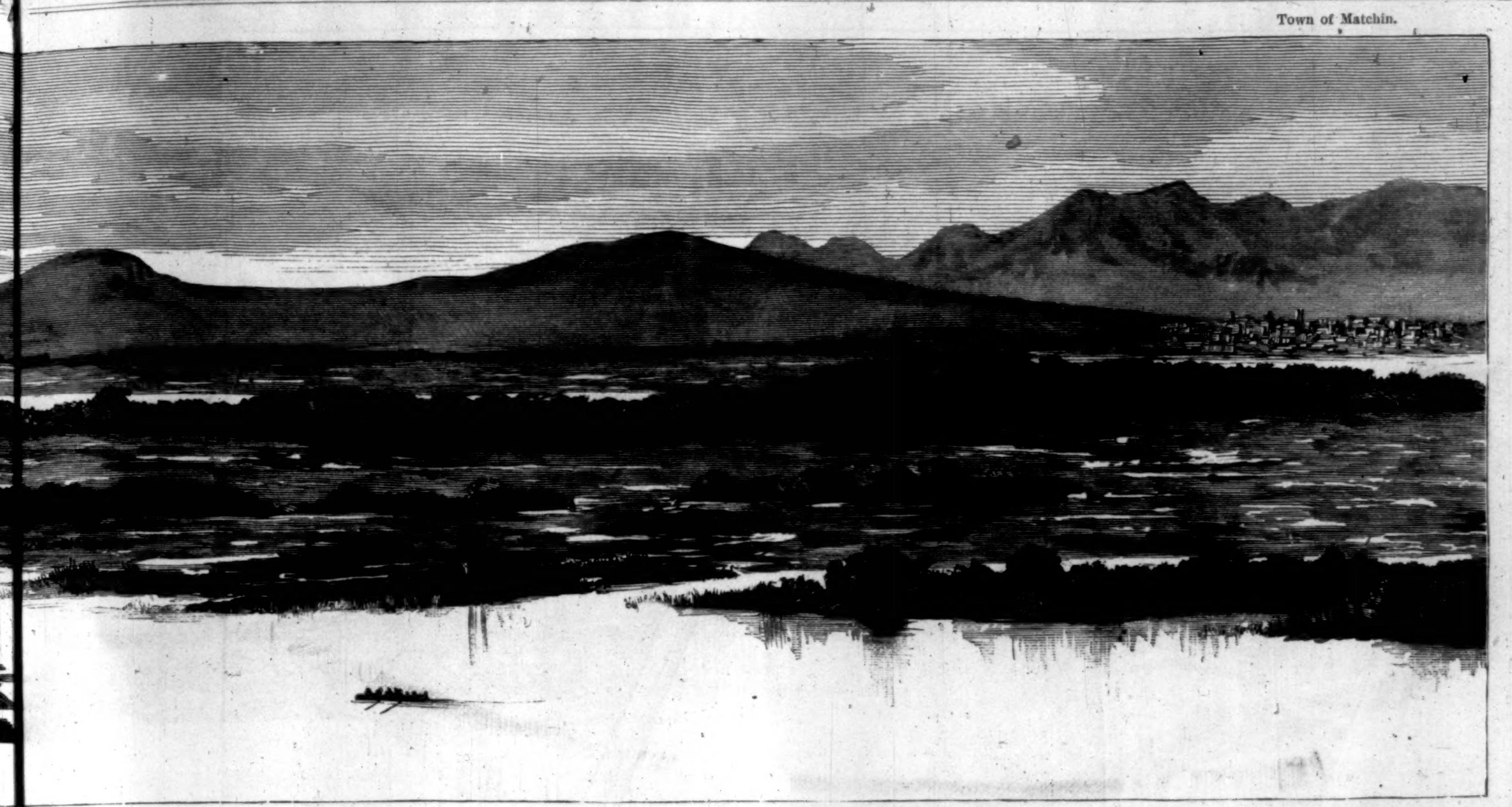
"We remained about a couple of hours in the town, and in that time the streets were torn up, the houses pierced and ruined by shells. At the first burst that occurred, the sleepers had awoke, the houses discharged their inmates into the streets, and when shell succeeded shell there was weeping and wailing of women, hurried rushes of selfish men, and laughter of boys, who, lying concealed in an archway, rushed out to pick up the pieces when a shell burst near them. At the railway station, where I presently went, the shells fell pretty constantly, some of them bursting in the air, many of them not at all, only entering the earth with a sullen thud, to be dug out and played with afterward till they burst and kill somebody. During the bombardment several persons were carried to the hospital, but not a single Russian. The batteries, from entering which we are debarred for quite sufficient reasons, saw the Turkish lls pass fall short, but never p ce real to men or works. Fo Russian part in the fray, but i as after that not a single ma as killed On the other hand, tw urkish silenced.

"As the moon, full o arly full twilight faded, the she came le



A. Turkish Intrenchments and Breastworks. B. Tents of ish Encamp

ON THE DANUBE—VIEW O USTCHUR


Town of Matchin.

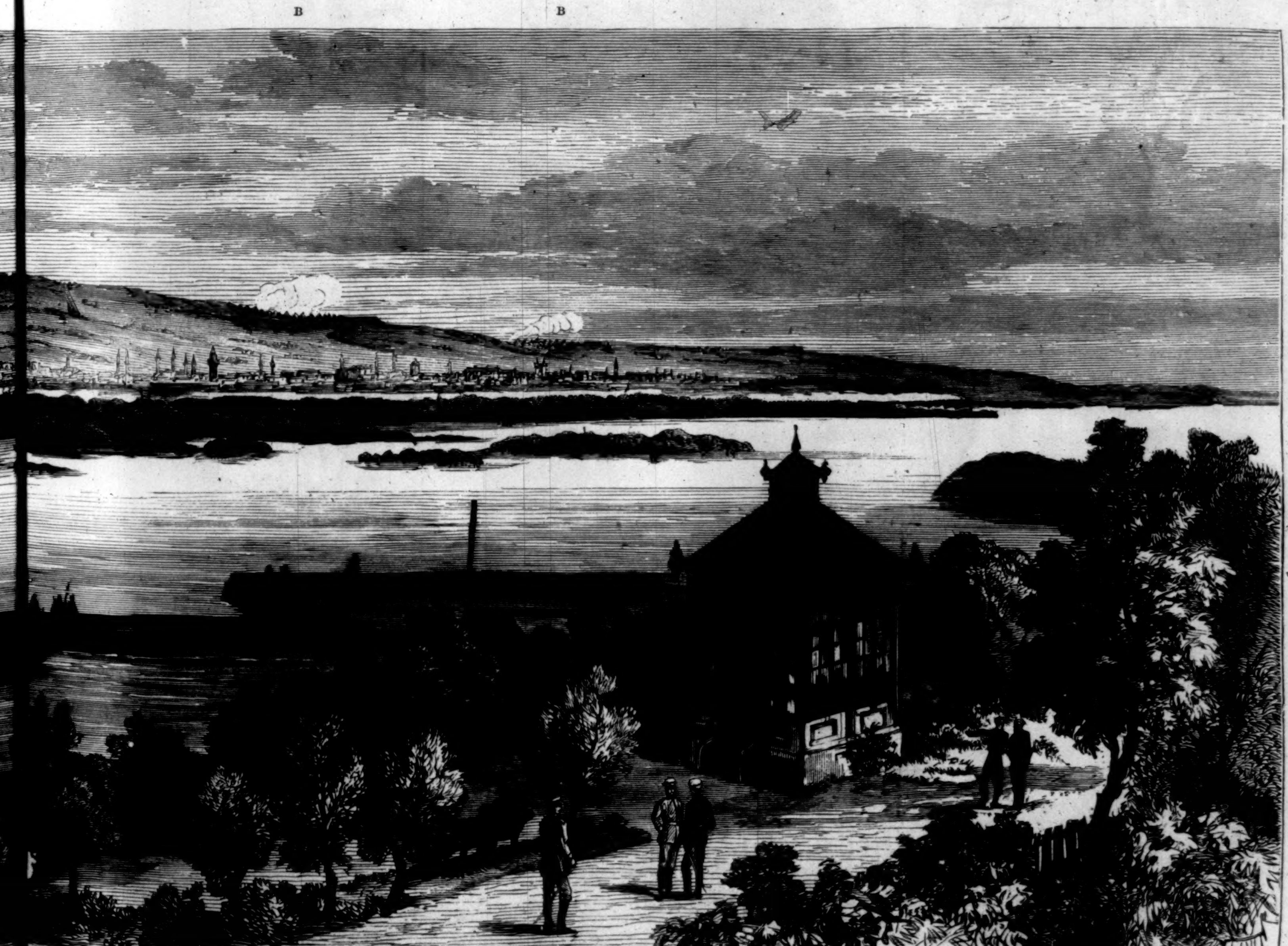
TH DOBRUDSCHA FROM BELOW BRAILA.

h lls pass over them or pr ce real damage either Fo Russian batteries took t i as afterward reported han as killed or wounded. tw Turkish batteries were

l o arly full, rose, and the she came less frequently, the sound of the cannonade was no longer a steady one, and presently a few dropping shots were all that disturbed the calm of the evening. At last even these ceased, and we walked into Giurgevo to see by the bright moonlight what had really been done to the town. Here a house had a clean hole outside and destruction within; there a hole in the street showed where a shell had fallen. The Hôtel Europe, the evening lounge of the town, had been torn and mangled, some of the rooms being wrecked. The telegraph wires had been cut by shells, and lay in tangled coils about the streets. The telegraph office itself was torn and cracked by Turkish projectiles. One house had its corner torn clean away by a large shell, another its windows shattered and corridor torn to pieces. A little girl holds up a bruised arm to be pitied, and will tell for many a day how she was wounded in the bombardment of Giurgevo.

"The shells from the Turkish batteries were of different calibres. Some of them, picked up whole, appeared to be about 16 or 18 pounders. Others had a diameter of about six inches, and were probably 70-pounders. All were from breech-loaders. The fuses were not all that could be desired. Many burst high in the air, and so failed of their due effect; others plunged into the ground, and either burst below the surface, hurting nobody, or remained without bursting. The aim of the gun appeared to be good, but artillery, to be effective, must combine such good qualities in the men who serve it that no details will be neglected."

The town of Rustchuk is a Turkish town, on the right bank of the Danube, and 250 miles north-



of ish Encampments. C. Railway Station, at the water's edge.

O USTCHUK FROM GIURGEVO.